THE RAIGNE OF KING EDWARD THE *THIRD.*

As it hath bene ſundry times played about the Citie of London.

Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be ſold at his ſhop neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.

Phst.f.H.copy 59125

THE RAIGNE OF KING *Edward the third.*

Enter King Edward, Darbie, Prince Edward, Audely and Artoys.

King Edward.

RObert of Artoys, baniſht though thou be,
Frō France thy natiue country, yet with vs
Thou ſhalt retaine as great a Seigniorie:
For we create thee Earle of Richmond here:
And now goe forwards with our pedegree,
Who next ſucceeded Philip of Bew?

Artoys. Three ſonnes of his, which all ſucceſſefully
Did ſit vpon their fathers regall Throne:
Yet dyed and left no iſſue of their loynes.

King. But was my mother ſiſter vnto thoſe?

Artoys. Shee was, my Lord, and onely Iſabel
Was all the daughters that this Philip had,
Whom afterward your father tooke to wife;
And from the fragrant garden of her wombe,
Your gracious ſelfe the flower of Europes hope,
Deriued is inheritor to France.
But note the rankor of rebellious mindes:
When thus the lynage of Bew was out,
The French obſcur'd your mothers Priuiledge,
And though ſhe were the next of blood, proclaymed
Iohn of the houſe of Valoys now their king:
The reaſon was, they ſay the Realme of France,
Repleate with Princes of great Parentage,
Ought not admit a gouernour to rule,
Except he be diſcended of the male,
And thats the ſpeciall ground of their contempt,
Wherewith they ſtudie to exclude your grace:
But they ſhall finde that forged ground of theirs,
To be but duſty heapes of brittle ſand.
Perhaps it will be thought a heynous thing,
That I a French man ſhould diſcouer this:

But heauen I call to record of my vowes,
It is not hate nor any priuate wrong,
But loue vnto my country and the right,
Prouokes my tongue thus lauish in report.
You are the lineal watchmen of our peace,
And Iohn of Valoys indirectly climbes.
What then should subiects but imbrace their King?
Ah, wherein may our duetie more be seene,
Then striuing to rebate a tyrants pride,
And place the true shepheard of our common wealth?
King. This counsaile, Artoys, like to fruitefull shewres,
Hath added growth vnto my dignitie,
And by the fierie vigor of thy words,
Hot courage is ingendred in my brest,
Which heretofore was rakte in ignorance,
But now doth mount with golden wings of fame,
And will approue faire Isabels discent,
Able to yoake their stubburne necks with steele,
That spurne against my soueraignetie in France. *Sound a horne.*
A messenger. Lord Awdley know from whence.

Enter a messenger Lorraigne.

Awdley. The Duke of Lorraine, hauing croste the seas,
Intreates he may haue conference with your highnes.
King. Admit him, Lords, that we may heare the newes.
Say, Duke of Lorraine, wherefore art thou come.
Lorraine. The most renowned prince King Iohn of France,
Doth greete thee, Edward, and by me commandes,
That for so much as by his liberall gift,
The Guyen Dukedome is intaild to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the same:
And for that purpose here I summon thee,
Repaire to France within these fortie dayes,
That there according as the customens,
Thou mayest be sworne true liegeman to the king:
Or else, thy title in that Prouince dies,
And he himselfe will repossesse the place;
King. Ed. See how occasion laughes me in the face;
No sooner minded to prepare for France,
But straite I am inuite[illegible]ay with threats,

Vpon a penaltie inioynd to come:
Twere but a fooliſh part to ſay him nay.
Lorraine, returne this anſwere to thy Lord,
I meane to viſite him as he requeſts,
But how? not ſeruilely diſpoſd to bend,
But like a conquerour to make him bowe:
His lame vnpoliſht ſhifts are come to light,
And trueth hath puld the viſard from his face,
That ſet a gloſſe vpon his arrogance.
Dare he command a fealty in me?
Tel him, the crowne that he vſurps is mine;
And where he ſets his foote he ought to kneele:
Tis not a petie Dukedome that I claime,
But all the whole Dominions of the Realme,
Which if with grudging he refuſe to yeld,
Ile take away thoſe borowed plumes of his,
And ſend him naked to the wildernes.
Lorraine. Then, Edward, here in ſpite of all thy Lords,
I doe pronounce defyance to thy face.
Prince. Defyance, French man? we rebound it backe,
Euen to the bottome of thy maſters throate:
And be it ſpoke with reuerence of the King
My gracious father, and theſe other Lords,
I hold thy meſſage but as ſcurrilous,
And him that ſent thee like the lazie droane,
Crept vp by ſtealth vnto the Eagles neſt,
From whence weele ſhake him with ſo rough a ſtorme,
As others ſhall be warned by his harme.
Warwicke. Bid him leaue off the Lyons caſe he weares,
Leaſt meeting with the Lyon in the field,
He chaunce to teare him peecemeale for his pride.
Artoys. The ſoundeſt counſell I can giue his grace,
Is to ſurrender ere he be conſtraind.
A voluntarie miſchiefe hath leſſe ſcorne,
Then when reproch with violence is borne.
Lorraine. Regenerate Traytour, viper to the place,
Where thou waſt foſtred in thine infancie:
Beareſt thou a part in this conſpiracie? *He drawes his Sword.*

King Edward. Lorraine, behold the ſharpneſſe of this ſteele:
Feruent deſire that ſits againſt my heart,
Is farre more thornie pricking than this blade;
That with the nightingale I ſhall be ſcard,
As oft as I diſpoſe my ſelfe to reſt,
Vntill my colours be diſplayd in France:
This is thy finall anſwere, ſo be gone.
Lorraine. It is not that, nor any Engliſh braue,
Afflicts me ſo, as doth his poyſoned view,
That is moſt falſe, ſhould moſt of all be true.
King Edward. Now, Lord, our fleeting Barke is vnder ſayle:
Our gage is throwne, and warre is ſoone begun,
But not ſo quickely brought vnto an ende.

Enter Mountague.

But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?
How ſtands the league betweene the Scot and vs?
Mountague. Crackt and diſſeuered, my renowned Lord:
The treacherous King no ſooner was informde
Of your withdrawing of our armie backe:
But ſtraight forgetting of his former othe,
He made inuaſion on the bordering townes:
Barwicke is woone, Newcaſtle ſpoyld and loſt,
And now the tyrant hath begirt with ſiege,
The Caſtle of Rocksborough, where incloſd
The Counteſſe Salsbury is like to periſh.
King Ed. That is thy daughter, Warwicke, is it not?
Whoſe husband hath in Brittayne ſeru'd ſo long,
About the planting of Lord Mounteford there?
Warwicke. It is, my Lord.
King Ed. Ignoble Dauid, haſt thou none to griеue,
But ſilly Ladies with thy threatening armes?
But I will make you ſhrinke your ſnayly hornes.
Firſt therefore, Awdley, this ſhall be thy charge,
Goe leuie footemen for our warres in France;
And, Ned, take muſter of our men at armes,
In euery Shire elect a ſeuerall band,
Let them be ſouldiers of a luſtie ſpirit,
Such as dread nothing but diſhonors blot:

Be

Be warie therefore since we doe commence
A famous Warre, and with so mightie a nation:
Darby, be thou Embassador for vs,
Vnto our Father in Law the Earle of Henalt:
Make him acquainted with our interprise,
And likewise will him with our owne allies
That are in Flanders to solicite too
The Emperour of Almaigne in our name:
My selfe, whilst you are ioyntly thus employd,
Will with these forces that I haue at hand,
March, and once more repulse the trayterous Scot:
But Sirs be resolute, we shall haue warres
On euery side; and Ned, thou must begin
Now to forget thy studie and thy bookes,
And vre thy shoulders to an Armors weight.

Prince. As cheerefull sounding to my youthfull spleene,
This tumult is of warres increasing broyles,
As at the Coronation of a king,
The ioyfull clamours of the people are,
When *Aue Cesar* they pronounce alowd;
Within this schoole of honour I shall learne,
Either to sacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightfull quarrell spend my breath.
Then cheerefully forward each a seuerall way;
In great affaires tis naught to vse delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Countesse.

Countesse. Alas, how much in vaine my poore eyes gaze,
For succour that my soueraigne should send?
Ah, cousin Mountague, I feare thou want'st
The liuely spirit, sharpely to solicite
Wth vehement sute the king in my behalfe:
Thou doost not tell him what a griefe it is,
To be the scornefull captiue to a Scot,
Either to be wooed with broad vntuned othes,
Or forst by rough insulting barbarisme:
Thou doost not tell him, if he here preuaile,
How much they will deride vs in the North,
And in their vild vnciuill skipping Iigges,

Bray forth their conqueſt, and our ouerthrow,
Euen in the barraine, bleake and fruitleſſe ayre.
Enter Dauid, Douglas and Lorraine.
I muſt withdraw: the euerlaſting foe
Comes to the wall; Ile cloſely ſtep aſide,
And liſt their rabble, blunt and full of pride.
King Dauid. My Lord of Lorraine, to our brother of France
Commend vs, as the man in Chriſtendome,
That we moſt reuerence and intirely loue.
Touching your embaſſage, returne and ſay,
That we with England will not enter parlie,
Nor neuer make faire weather, or take truce,
But burne their neighbour townes, and ſo perſiſt
With eagre Rods beyond their citie Yorke;
And neuer ſhall our bonny riders reſt,
Nor ruſt in canker haue the time to eate
Their light borne ſnaffles, nor their nimble ſpurres,
Nor lay aſide their Iacks of Gymould mayle,
Nor hang their ſtaues of grayned Scottiſh aſh,
In peacefull wiſe, vpon their Citie wals,
Nor from their buttoned tawny leatherne belts,
Diſmiſſe their byting whinyards, till your King
Cry out, Enough, ſpare England now for pittie.
Farewell, and tell him that you leaue vs here
Before this caſtle, ſay you came from vs,
Euen when we had that yeelded to our hands.
Lorraine. I take my leaue, and fairely will returne
Your acceptable greeting to my king. *Exit Lorraine.*
King Dauid. Now, Douglas, to our former taske againe,
For the diuiſion of this certaine ſpoyle.
Douglas. My liege, I craue the Ladie, and no more.
King. Nay, ſoft ſir, firſt I muſt make my choice,
And firſt I do beſpeake her for my ſelfe.
Douglas. Why then my liege, let me enioy her iewels.
King. Thoſe are her owne, ſtill liable to her,
And who inherits her, hath thoſe withall.
Enter a Scot in haſte.
Meſſenger. My liege, as we were pricking on the hils,

To fetch in booty, marching hitherward,
We might discry a mightie hoste of men.
The Sunne reflecting on the armour shewed
A field of plate, a wood of pikes aduanced:
Bethinke your highnes speedily herein.
An easie march within foure houres will bring,
The hindmost rancke, vnto this place, my liege.
King. Dislodge, dislodge, it is the king of England.
Douglas. Iemmy my man, saddle my bonny blacke.
King. Meanst thou to fight, Douglas? we are too weake.
Douglas. I know it well, my liege, and therefore flee.
Count. My Lords of Scotland, will ye stay and drinke?
King. She mocks at vs, Douglas, I cannot endure it.
Count. Say, good my Lord, which is he must haue the Ladie,
And which her iewels. I am sure, my Lords,
Ye will not hence, till you haue shard the spoyles.
King. She heard the messenger, and heard our talke,
And now that comfort makes her scorne at vs.

Enter another Messenger.

Messen. Arme, my good Lord: O, we are all surprisde.
After the French embassadour my liege,
And tell him that you dare not ride to Yorke,
Excuse it that your bonnie horse is lame.
King. He heard that too, intollerable griefe:
Woman farewel, although I do not stay. *Exeunt Scots.*
Count. Tis not for feare, and yet you runne away.
O happie comfort, welcome to our house.
The confident and boystrous boasting Scot,
That swore before my walles they would not backe,
For all the armed power of this land,
With faceless feare that euer turnes his backe,
Turn'd hence againe the blasting North-east winde,
Vpon the bare report and names of Armes.

Enter Mountague.

Mounta. O Sommers day, see where my cousin comes:
How fares my Aunt? we are not Scots,
Why doe you shut your gates against your friends?
Count. Well may I giue a welcome, Cousin, to thee:

For thou comst well to chase my foes from hence.
Mounta. The king himselfe is come in person hither:
Deare Aunt, discend and gratulate his highnes.
Count. How may I entertaine his maiestie,
To shew my duetie, and his dignitie?

Enter King Edward; Warwicke, Artoys, with others.

Kin. Ed. What, are the stealing Foxes fled and gone,
Before we could vncouple at their heeles?
War. They are, my liege, but with a cheerefull cry,
Hot hounds and hardie chase them at the heeles.

Enter the Counteſſe.

King. This is the Counteſſe, Warwicke, is it not?
War. Euen she, my liege, whose beautie tyrants feare,
As a May blossome which pernitious windes
Hath sullied, withered, ouercast and done.
Kin. Hath she bene fairer, Warwicke, then she is?
War. My gracious King, faire is she not at all,
If that her selfe were by to staine her selfe,
As I haue seene her when she was her selfe.
Kin. What strange enchantment lurkt in those her eies,
When they exceld this excellence they haue,
That now her dim decline hath power to draw
My subiect eyes, from percing maiestie,
To gaze on her with doting admiration?
Count. In duetie lower then the ground I kneele,
And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart,
To witnesse my obedience to your highnes,
With many millions of a subiects thanks,
For this your Royall presence, whose approch
Hath driuen war and danger from my gate.
Kin. Lady, stand vp, I come to bring thee peace,
How euer thereby I haue purchast warre.
Count. No war to you, my liege; the Scots are gone,
And gallop home toward Scotland with their hate.
King. Least yeelding here I pine in shamefull loue,
Come, weele pursue the Scots, Artoys, away.
Count. A little while, my gracious soueraigne, stay,

And let the power of a mightie King
Honour our roofe: my husband in the warres,
When he ſhall heare it, will triumph for ioy.
Then, deare my liege, now niggard not thy ſtate,
Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.
King. Pardon me, Counteſſe, I will come no neare;
I dreamde to night of treaſon, and I feare.
Count. Far from this place let vgly treaſon lye.
King. No farther off, then her conſpiring eye,
Which ſhootes infected poyſon in my heart,
Beyond repulſe of wit, or cure of Arte.
Now in the Sunne alone it doth not lye,
With light to take light, from a mortall eye:
For here two day ſtarres that mine eyes would ſee,
More then the Sunne ſteales mine owne light from me:
Contemplatiue deſire, deſire to be,
In contemplation that may maſter thee.
Warwicke, Artoys, to horſe and lets away.
Count. What might I ſpeak, to make my ſoueraigne ſtay?
King. What needes a tongue, to ſuch a ſpeaking eye,
That more perſwades then winning Oratorie?
Count. Let not thy preſence like the Aprill ſunne
Flatter our earth, and ſuddenly be done:
More happie do not make our outward wall,
Then thou wilt grace our inward houſe withall.
Our houſe, my liege, is like a countrey ſwaine,
Whoſe habit rude, and maners blunt and plaine,
Preſageth nought; yet inly beautified
With bounties riches, and faire hidden pride:
For where the golden Ore doth buried lye,
The ground vndect with natures tapeſtrie,
Seemes barraine, ſere, vnfertill, fruitles, dry:
And where the vpper turfe of earth doth boaſt,
His pride preſumes, and partie coloured coaſt,
Delue there, and finde thus iſſue and their pride,
To ſpring from ordure, and corruptions ſide:
But to make vp my all too long compare,
Theſe ragged walles no teſtimonie are,

What is within, but like a cloake doeth hide,
From weathers Weſt, the vnder garniſht pride:
More gracious then my tearmes can let thee be,
Intreat thy ſelfe, to ſtay a while with me.
Kin. Ed. As wiſe as faire, what fond fit can be heard,
When wiſedome keepes the gate as beauties gard?
Counteſſe, albeit my buſineſſe vrgeth me,
It ſhall attend, while I attend on thee:
Come on, my Lords, here will I hoſte to night. *Exeunt.*
Lodowick. I might perceiue his eye in her eye loſt,
His eare to drinke her ſweete tongues vtterance,
And changing paſſion like inconſtant clouds:
That rackt vpon the carriage of the windes,
Increaſe and die, in his diſturbed cheekes:
Loe, when ſhe bluſht, euen then did he looke pale,
As if her cheekes by ſome inchanted power,
Attracted had the cheerie blood from his:
Anon, with reuerent feare, when ſhe grew pale,
His cheeke put on their ſcarlet ornaments,
But no more like her orientall red,
Then bricke to corrall, or liue things to dead.
Why did he then thus counterfeit her lookes?
If ſhe did bluſh, twas tender modeſt ſhame,
Being in the ſacred preſence of a King.
If he did bluſh, twas red immodeſt ſhame,
To waile his eyes amiſſe being a king;
If ſhe lookt pale, twas ſilly womans feare,
To beare her ſelfe in preſence of a king:
If he lookt pale, it was with guiltie feare,
To dote amiſſe being a mightie king.
Then Scottiſh warres farewell, I feare t'will prooue
A lingring Engliſh ſiege of peeuiſh loue.
Here comes his highnes, walking all alone.

Enter King Edward.

King Ed. She is grown more fairer far ſince I came hither:
Her voice more ſiluer euery word then other,
Her wit more fluent; what a ſtrange diſcourſe,
Vnfolded ſhe, of Dauid and his Scots?

Euen

Euen thus, quoth she, he spake, and then spake broad,
With epithites and accents of the Scot:
But somewhat better then the Scot could speake:
And thus, quoth she, and answered then her selfe:
For who could speake like her? but she her selfe
Breathes from the wall, an Angels note from Heauen
Ot sweete defyance to her barbarous foes.
When she would talke of peace, me thinkes her tongue
Commanded warre to prison: when of war,
It wakened Cesar from his Romane graue,
To heare warre beautified by her discourse,
Wisdome is foolishnes, but in her tongue,
Beautie a slander but in her faire face;
There is no summer, but in her cheerefull lookes,
Nor frosty winter but in her disdaine.
I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,
For she is all the treasure of our land:
But call them cowards that they ran away,
Hauing so rich and faire a cause to stay.
Art thou there, Lodowicke? giue me inke and paper.

Lodowicke. I will, my soueraigne.

King Ed. And bid the Lords hold on their play at Chesse,
For we will walke and meditate alone.

Lodo. I will, my liege. *Exit.*

King Ed. This fellow is read in poetrie,
And hath a lustie and perswasiue spirite:
I will acquaint him with my passion,
Which he shall shadow with a vaile of lawne,
Through which the Queene of beauties Queene shal see
Her selfe, the ground of my infirmitie.

Enter Lodowicke.

King Ed. Hast thou pen, inke and paper ready, Lodow.

Lodo. Ready, my liege.

King Ed. Then in the summer arber sit by me,
Make it our counsell house, or cabynet:
Since greene our thoughts, greene, be the conuenticle,
Where we will ease vs, by disburdning them.
Now, Lodowicke, inuocate some golden Muse,

To bring thee hither an inchanted pen,
That may for sighes, set downe true sighes indeede:
Talking of griefe, to make thee ready grone,
And when thou writest of teares, encouch the word
Before and after with such sweete laments,
That it may raise drops in a Torters eye,
And make a flynt heart Sythian pitifull,
For so much mooving hath a Poets pen:
Then if thou be a Poet, mooue thou so,
And be inriched by thy soueraignes loue.
For if the touch of sweete concordant strings,
Could force attendance in the eares of hell:
How much more shall the straine of Poets wit,
Beguile and rauish soft and humaine mindes?
Lodowicke. To whom, my Lord, shall I direct my stile?
King. To one that shames the faire, and sots the wise,
Whose bodie is an abstract or a briefe,
Containes each generall vertue in the world:
Better then beautifull thou must begin;
Deuise for faire a fairer word then faire,
And euery ornament that thou wouldest praise,
Fly it a pitch aboue the sore of praise:
For flatterie feare thou not to be conuicted,
For were thy admiration ten times more,
Ten times ten thousand, more the worth exceedes,
Of that thou art to praise their praises worth.
Begin, I will to contemplate the while:
Forget not to set downe how pasionate,
How heart-sicke and how full of languishment,
Her beautie makes me.
Lodo. Write I to woman?
Kin. What beautie els could tryumph ouer me?
Or who but women do our loue layes greete?
What, thinkest thou I did bid thee praise a horse?
Lodo. Of what condition or estate she is,
T'were requisite that I should know, my Lord.
Kin. Of such estate, that hers is as a throne,
And my estate the footestoole where she treads:

Then mayeſt thou iudge what her condition is,
By the proportion of her mightineſſe.
Write on while I peruſe her in my thoughts,
Her voyce to muſicke or the nightingale :
To muſicke euery ſummer leaping ſwaine,
Compares his ſunburnt louer when ſhe ſpeakes;
And why ſhould I ſpeake of the nightingale ?
The nightingale ſings of adulterate wrong,
And that compared is too ſatyricall;
For ſinne, though ſinne, would not be ſo eſteemed,
But rather vertue ſinne, ſinne vertue deemd.
Her haire far ſofter then the ſilke wormes twiſt.
Like as a flattering glas doth make more faire
The yealow Amber : like a flattering glas
Comes in too ſoone : for writing of her eyes,
Ile ſay that like a glas they catch the ſunne,
And thence the hot reflection doth rebounde
Againſt my breſt, and burnes my heart within.
Ah, what a world of deſcant makes my ſoule,
Vpon this voluntarie ground of loue ?
Come, Lodowicke, haſt thou turn'd thy inke to gold ?
If not, write but in letters Capitall my miſtres name,
And it will guild thy paper : read, Lorde, read,
Fill thou the emptie hollowes of mine eares,
With the ſweete hearing of thy poetrie.

Lodo. I haue not to a period brought her praiſe.

King. Her praiſe is as my loue, both infinite,
Which apprehend ſuch violent extreemes,
That they diſdaine an ending period.
Her beautie hath no match, but my affection;
Hers more then moſt, mine moſt, and more then more,
Hers more to praiſe, then tell the ſea by drops,
Nay more then drop the maſſie earth by ſands,
And ſaid, by ſaid, print them in memorie;
Then wherefore talkeſt thou of a period,
To that which craues vnended admiration ?
Read, let vs heare.

Lodo. More faire and chaſte then is the Queene of ſhades:

Ki. Ed. That line hath two faults grosse and palpable.
Compareſt thou her to the pale queene of night,
Who being ſet in darke ſeemes therefore light?
What is ſhe, when the ſunne lifts vp his head,
But like a fading taper, dim and dead?
My loue ſhall braue the eye of heauen at noone,
And being vnmaskt outſhine the golden ſunne.
Lodo. What is the other fault, my ſoueraigne Lord?
Kin. Ed. Read ore the line againe.
Lodo. More faire and chaſte.
Kin. Ed. I did not bid thee talke of chaſtitie,
To ranſacke ſo the treaſon of her minde:
For I had rather haue her chaſed, then chaſte.
Out with the moone line, I will none of it,
And let me haue her likened to the ſunne:
Say ſhe hath thriſe more ſplendour then the ſunne,
That her perfections emulates the ſunne,
That ſhe breeds ſweetes as plentious as the ſunne,
That ſhe doth thaw cold winter like the ſunne,
That ſhe doth cheere freſh ſummer like the ſunne,
That ſhe doth dazle gazars like the ſunne:
And in this application to the ſunne,
Bid her be free and generall as the ſunne,
Who ſmiles vpon the baſeſt weede that growes,
As louingly as on the fragrant roſe.
Lets ſee what followes that ſame moonelight line.
Lodo. More faire and chaſte then is the louer of ſhades,
More bold in conſtancie.
Kin. Ed. In conſtancie, then who?
Lodo. Then Iudith was.
Kin. Ed. O monſtrous line, put in the next a ſword,
And I ſhall woo her to cut off my head.
Blot, blot, good Lodowicke, let vs heare the next.
Lodo. Theres all that yet is done.
Kin. Ed. I thanke thee then, thou haſt done little ill;
But what is done, is paſſing paſſing ill.
No, let the Captaine talke of boyſtrous warre,
The priſoner of emured darke conſtraint,

The ſicke man beſt ſets downe the pangs of death,
The man that ſtarues the ſweetnes of a feaſt,
The frozen ſoule the benefite of fire,
And euery griefe his happie oppoſite.
Loue cannot ſound well but in louers tongues.
Giue me the pen and paper, I will write.

Enter the Counteſſe.

But ſoft, here comes the treaſure of my ſpirit.
Lodowicke, thou know'ſt not how to draw a battell;
Theſe wings, theſe flankars, and theſe ſquadrons
Argue in thee defectiue diſcipline:
Thou ſhouldſt haue placed this here, this other here.
Count. Pardon my boldnes, my thrice gracious Lords,
Let my intruſion here be cald my duetie,
That comes to ſee my ſoueraigne how he fares.
King. Go draw the ſame, I tell thee in what forme.
Lodo. I goe. *Exit.*
Count. Sory I am to ſee my liege ſo ſad:
What may thy ſubiect do to driue from thee
This gloomy conſort, ſullome melancholy?
King. Ah Lady, I am blunt and cannot ſtrawe
The flowers of ſolace in a ground of ſhame;
Since I came hither, Counteſſe, I am wrong'd.
Count. Now God forbid, that any in my houſe
Should thinke my ſoueraigne wrong, thrice gentle King:
Acquaint me with your cauſe of diſcontent.
Kin. How neere then ſhall I be to remedie?
Count. As neere, my liege, as all my womans power
Can pawne it ſelfe to buy thy remedie.
Kin. If thou ſpeakſt true, then haue I my redreſſe,
Ingage thy power to redeeme my ioyes,
And I am ioyfull, Counteſſe, els I die.
Count. I will, my liege.
King. Sweare, Counteſſe, that thou wilt.
Count. By heauen I will.
King. Then take thy ſelfe a little way aſide,
And tell thy ſelfe, a king doth dote on thee,
Say that within thy power doth lie

To make him happie, and thou haſt ſworne,
To giue him all the ioy within thy power;
Do this, and tell me when I ſhall be happie.
Counteſſe. All this is done,
My thrice dread Soueraigne.
That power of loue that I haue power to giue,
Thou haſt with all deuout obedience:
Imploy me how thou wilt in proofe thereof.
King. Thou hearſt me ſay that I doe dote on thee.
Count. If on my beautie, take it if thou canſt,
Though little, I do priſe it ten times leſſe:
If on my vertue, take it if thou canſt;
For vertues ſtore by giuing doth augment:
Be it on what it will, that I can giue,
And thou canſt take away, inherite it.
King. It is thy beautie that I woulde inioy.
Count. O, were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And diſpoſſeſſe my ſelfe to giue it thee;
But ſoueraigne, it is ſouldered to my life;
Take one and both, for like an humble ſhadow,
It hauntes the ſunſhine of my ſummers life.
King. But thou mayſt lend it me to ſport withall.
Count. As eaſie may my intellectuall ſoule
Be lent away, and yet my bodie liue,
As lend my bedy pallace to my ſoule,
Away from her, and yet retaine my ſoule.
My bodie is her bower, her Court, her abbey,
And ſhee an Angel pure, diuine, vnſpotted;
If I ſhould lend her houſe, my Lord, to thee,
I kill my poore ſoule, and my poore ſoule me.
King. Didſt thou not ſweare to giue me what I would?
Count. I did, my liege, ſo what you would, I could.
King. I wiſh no more of thee then thou mayſt giue,
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy.
That is thy loue, and for that loue of thine,
In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine.
Count. But that your lippes were ſacred, my Lord,
You would prophane the holy name of loue;

That loue you offer me, you cannot giue
For Cesar owes that tribute to his Queene.
That loue you beg of me, I cannot giue;
For Sara owes that duetie to her Lord.
He that doth clip or counterfeit your stampe,
Shall die, my Lord: and will your sacred selfe
Commit hie treason against the king of heauen,
To stampe his image in forbidden mettall,
Forgetting your allegeance, and your othe?
In violating mariage sacred law,
You breake a greater honour then your selfe.
To be a king, is of a yonger house,
Then to be maried: Your progenitour
Sole raigning Adam on the vniuerse,
By God was honoured for a maried man,
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penaltie to breake your statutes,
Though not enacted with your highnesse hand;
How much more, to infringe the holy acte
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand?
I know, my soueraigne, in my husbands loue,
Who now doth loyall seruice in his warres,
Doth but to try the wife of Salisburie,
Whether she will heare a wantons tale or no;
Lest being therein guiltie by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turne away. *Exit.*

King. Whether is her beautie by her words diuine?
Or are her words sweet chaplaines to her beautie?
Like as the winde doth beautifie a saile,
And as a saile becomes the vnseene winde:
So doe her words her beauties, beautie words.
O that I were a honie gathering Bee,
To beare the combe of vertue from his flower,
And not a poyson-sucking enuious spider,
To turne the vice I take to deadly venom.
Religion is austere, and beautie gentle,
Too strict a gardian for so faire a weede.
O that she were as is the ayre to me:

Why ſo ſhe is, for when I would imbrace her,
This doe I, and catch nothing but my ſelfe:
I muſt inioy her, for I cannot beate
With reaſon and reproofe fond loue away.

Enter Warwicke.

Here comes her father: I will worke with him,
To beare my colours in this field of loue.

War. How is it that my ſoueraigne is ſo ſad?
May I with pardon know your highneſſe griefe,
And that my old endeuour will remooue it,
It ſhall not cumber long your maieſtie.

King. A kind and voluntarie gift thou offereſt,
That I was forward to haue begd of thee.
But, O thou world, great nurſe of flatterie,
Why doeſt thou tip mens tongues with golden words,
And peiſe their deedes with weight of heauie lead,
That faire performance cannot follow promiſe?
O that a man might hold the hearts cloſe booke,
And choke the lauiſh tongue when it doth vtter
The breath of falſhood not caractred there.

War. Far be it from the honour of my age,
That I ſhould owe bright gold, and render lead,
Age is a cynike, not a flatterer:
I ſay againe, that if I knew your griefe,
And that by me it may be leſned,
My propper harme ſhould buy your highnes good,
Theſe are the vulgar tenders of falſe men,
That neuer pay the duetie of their words.

King. Thou wilt not ſticke to ſweare what thou haſt ſaid,
But when thou knoweſt my griefes condition,
This raſh diſgorged vomit of thy word,
Thou wilt eate vp againe, and leaue me helples.

War. By heauen I will not, though your maieſtie
Did bid me run vpon your ſword and die.

King. Say that my griefe is no way medicinable,
But by the loſſe and bruſing of thine honour.

War. If nothing but that loſſe may vantage you,
I would account that loſſe my vantage too.

King.

Kin. Thinkeſt that thou canſt anſwere thy oth againe?
War. I cannot, nor I would not, if I could.
King. But if thou doeſt, what ſhall I ſay to thee?
War. What may be ſaid to any periur'd villayne,
That breaks the ſacred warrant of an othe.
King. What wilt thou ſay to one that breaks an othe?
War. That he hath broke his faith with God and man,
And from them both ſtands excommunicate.
Kin. What office were it to ſuggeſt a man,
To breake a lawfull and religious vowe?
War. An office for the deuill, not for man.
King. That deuils office muſt thou do for me,
Or breake thy othe, or cancell all the bonds
Of loue and duetie twixt thy ſelfe and me.
And therefore, Warwicke, if thou art thy ſelfe,
The Lord and maſter of thy word and othe,
Goe to thy daughter, and in my behalfe
Command her, woo her, win her any wayes,
To be my miſtres, and my ſecret loue.
I will not ſtand to heare thee make reply,
Thy othe breakes hers, or let thy ſoueraigne die. *Exit.*
War. O doting King, or deteſtable office:
Well may I tempt my ſelfe to wrong my ſelfe,
When he hath ſworne me by the name of God,
To breake a vow made by the name of God.
What if I ſweare by this right hand of mine,
To cut this right hand off? the better way
Were to prophane the idole, then confound it,
But neither will I doe: Ile keepe my othe,
And to my daughter make a recantation
Of all the vertue I haue preacht to her:
Ile ſay ſhe muſt forget her huſband Salisbury,
If ſhe remember to imbrace the king;
Ile ſay an othe may eaſily be broken,
But not ſo eaſily pardoned being broken:
Ile ſay it is true charitie to loue,
But not true loue to be ſo charitable;
Ile ſay his greatneſſe may beare out the ſhame,

But not his kingdome can buy out the ſinne;
He ſay it is my duety to perſwade,
But not her honeſtie to giue conſent. Enter Counteſſe.
See where ſhe comes: was neuer father had
Againſt his child, an embaſſage ſo bad.
Count. My Lord and father, I haue ſought for you:
My mother and the Peeres importune you,
To keepe in preſence of his maieſtie,
And doe your beſt to make his highnes merrie.
War. How ſhall I enter in this graceleſſe arrant?
I muſt not call her childe; for where's the father
That will in ſuch a ſute ſeduce his child?
Then wife of Salisbury, ſhall I ſo begin?
No, hee's my friend; and where is found the friend
That will doe friendſhip ſuch indammagement?
Neither my daughter, nor my deare friends wife,
I am not Warwicke as thou think'ſt I am,
But an attourny from the court of hell,
That thus haue hous'd my ſpirit in his forme,
To do a meſſage to thee from the king.
The mightie king of England dotes on thee:
He that hath power to take away thy life,
Hath power to take thine honour, then conſent
To pawne thine honour rather then thy life;
Honour is often loſt and got againe,
But life once gone, hath no recouerie.
The Sunne that withers haye, doth nourish graſſe;
The king that would diſtaine thee, will aduance thee.
The Poets write, that great Achilles ſpeare
Could heale the wound it made: the morall is,
What mightie men miſdoe, they can amend.
The Lyon doth become his bloodie jawes,
And grace his forragement by being milde,
When vaſſall feare lies trembling at his feete.
The King will in his glory hide thy ſhame,
And thoſe that gaze on him to finde out thee,
Will loſe their eye-ſight looking in the Sunne.
What can one droppe of poyſon harme the Sea,

Whoſe hugie vaſtures can digeſt the ill,
And make it loſe his operation?
The Kings great name will temper their miſdeeds,
And giue the bitter potion of reproch
A ſugred ſweete, and moſt delicious taſte:
Beſides, it is no harme to do the thing,
Which without ſhame could not be left vndone.
Thus haue I in his maieſties behalfe,
Apparelled ſinne in vertuous ſentences,
And dwell vpon thy anſwere in his ſute.
Count. Vnnaturall beſiege: woe me vnhappie,
To haue eſcapt the danger of my foes,
And to be ten times worſe inuierd by friends.
Hath he no meanes to ſtaine my honeſt blood,
But to corrupt the author of my blood,
To be his ſcandalous and vile ſoliciter?
No maruell then though the branches be then infected,
When poyſon hath incompaſſed the roote:
No maruell though the leprous infant dye,
When the ſterne dame inuennometh the dugge:
Why then giue ſinne a paſport to offend,
And youth the dangerous reine of libertie:
Blot out the ſtrict forbidding of the lawe,
And cancell euery Canon that preſcribes
A ſhame for ſhame, or penance for offence.
No, let me die, if his too boyſtrous will
Will haue it ſo, before I will conſent,
To be an actour in his graceleſſe luſt.
War. Why, now thou ſpeakſt, as I would haue thee ſpeak:
And marke how I vnſay my words againe;
An honourable graue is more eſteemed,
Then the polluted cloſet of a king:
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad that he ſhall vndertake.
An vnreputed mote, flying in the Sunne,
Preſents a greater ſubſtance then it is:
The freſheſt ſummers day doeth ſooneſt taint
The lothed carrion that it ſeemes to kiſſe:

Deepe are the blowes made with a mightie Axe:
That ſinne doth tentimes aggrauate it ſelfe,
That is committed in a holy place:
An euill deed done by authoritie,
Is ſinne and ſubornation: Decke an Ape
In tiſſue, and the beautie of the robe
Adds but the greater ſcorne vnto the beaſt:
A ſpacious field of reaſons could I vrge,
Betweene his gloomy daughter, and thy ſhame.
That poyſon ſhewes worſt in a golden cup,
Darke night ſeemes darker by the lightning flaſh,
Lillies that feſter, ſmell far worſe then weedes,
And euery glory that inclines to ſinne,
The ſhame is treble, by the oppoſite.
So leaue I with my bleſſing in thy boſome,
Which then conuert to a moſt heauie curſe,
When thou conuerteſt from honours golden name,
To the blacke faction of bed blotting ſhame.
Count. Ile follow thee; and when my minde turnes ſo,
My body ſinke my ſoule in endles woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore Darby from France: At an other doore, Audley with a Drum.

Darby. Thrice noble Audley, well incountred here,
How is it with our ſoueraigne and his peeres?
Awdley. Tis full a fortnight ſince I ſaw his highneſſe,
What time he ſent me forth to muſter men,
Which I accordingly haue done, and bring them hither,
In faire aray before his maieſtie.
What newes, my Lord of Darby, from the Emperour?
Darb. As good as we deſire: the Emperour
Hath yeelded to his highneſſe friendly ayd,
And makes our King Lieutenant generall
In all his lands and large dominions.
Then *via* for the ſpacious bounds of France.
Awd. What, doth his highnes leap to heare this newes?
Darb. I haue not yet found time to open them;
The king is in his cloſet malecontent,
For what I know not, but he gaue in charge,

Till after dinner, none ſhould interrupt him:
The Counteſſe Salisburie, and her father Warwicke,
Artoys, and all looke vnderneath the browes.
Awdley. Vndoubtedly, then ſome thing is amiſſe.

Enter the King.

Darb. The trumpets ſound, the king is now abroad.
Awd. Here comes his highneſſe.
Darb. Befall my ſoueraigne, all my ſoueraignes wiſh.
King. Ah, that thou wert a Witch to make it ſo.
Dar. The Emperour greeteth you.
King. Would it were the Counteſſe.
Dar. And hath accorded to your highnes ſute.
Kin. Thou lyeſt, ſhe hath not, but I would ſhe had.
Awd. All loue and duetie to my Lord the King.
Kin. Well, all but one is none: what newes with you?
Awd. I haue, my liege, leuied thoſe horſe and foote,
According to your charge, and brought them hither.
Kin. Then let thoſe foote trudge hence vpon theſe horſe,
According to our diſcharge, and be gone.
Darby, Ile looke vpon the Counteſſe minde anon.
Darb. The Counteſſe minde, my liege.
King. I meane the Emperour: leaue me alone.
Awd. What is in his minde?
Dar. Lets leaue him to his humour. *Exeunt.*
Kin. Thus from the hearts aboundant ſpeakes the tongue,
Counteſſe for Emperour, and in deed, why not?
She is as imperator ouer me, and I to her
Am as a kneeling vaſſall, that obſerues
The pleaſure, or diſpleaſure of her eye.

Enter Lodowicke.

Kin. What ſayes the more then Cleopatras mateh,
To Ceſar now?
Lodo. That yet, my liege, ere night
She will reſolue your maieſtie.
Ki. What drum is this that thunders forth this march,
To ſtart the tender Cupid in my boſome?
Poore ſheepskin how it brawles with him that beateth it:
Go breake the thundring parchment bottome out,

And I will teach it to conduct ſweete lynes
Vnto the boſome of a heauenly Nymph:
For I will vſe it as my writing paper,
And ſo reduce him from a ſcoulding drum,
To be the herald and deare counſaile bearer,
Betwixt a goddeſſe, and a mightie king.
Go bid the Drummer learne to touch the Lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his Drum:
For now we thinke it an vnciuill thing,
To trouble heauen with ſuch harſh reſounds: Away. *Exit Lodo.*
The quarrell that I haue, requires no armes,
But theſe of mine, and theſe ſhall meete my foe,
In a deepe march of penitrable grones:
My eyes ſhall be my arrowes, and my ſighes
Shall ſerue me as the vantage of the winde,
To wherle away my ſweeteſt artyllerie:
Ah but alas, ſhe winnes the ſunne of me,
For that is ſhe her ſelfe, and thence it comes,
That Poets tearme the wanton warriour blinde:
But loue hath eyes as iudgement to his ſteps,
Till too much loued glorie dazles them.
Howe nowe?

Enter Lodowicke.

Lodo. My liege, the drum that ſtroke the luſtie march,
Stands with Prince Edward your thrice valiant ſonne.

Enter Prince Edward.

King. I ſee the boy. Oh, how his mothers face,
Molded in his, corrects my ſtrayd deſire,
And rates my heart, and chides my theeuiſh eye,
Who being rich enough in ſeeing her,
Yet ſeekes elſwhere: and baſeſt theft is that
Which cannot cloke it ſelfe on pouertie.
Now boy, what newes?
Prince Ed. I haue aſſembled, my deare Lord and father,
The choyſeſt buds of all our Engliſh blood,
For our affaires in France, and here we come
To take direction from your maieſtie.
King. Still do I ſee in him deliniate

His mothers viſage, thoſe his eyes are hers,
Who looking wiſtly on me, made me bluſh:
For faults againſt themſelues giue euidence;
Luſt as a fire, and me like lanthorne ſhew
Light luſt within themſelues, euen through themſelues:
Away looſe ſilkes of wauering vanitie.
Shall the large limit of faire Britany
By me be ouerthrowne? and ſhall I not
Maſter this litle manſion of my ſelfe?
Giue me an Armour of eternall ſteele;
I go to conquer kings: and ſhall I not then
Subdue my ſelfe, and be my enemies friend?
It muſt not be. Come, boy, forward, aduaunce,
Let's with our colours ſweete the ayre of France.

Enter Lodowicke.

Lodo. My liege, the Counteſſe with a ſmiling cheere
Deſires acceſſe vnto your maieſtie.
King. Why, there it goes: that very ſmile of hers
Hath ranſomed captiue France, and ſet the King,
The Dolphin and the Peeres at libertie.
Goe, leaue me, Ned, and reuell with thy friends. *Exit*
Thy mother is but blacke, and thou, like her, (*Prince.*
Doeſt put it in my minde how foule ſhe is.
Goe fetch the Counteſſe hither in thy hand, *Exit Lo-*
And let her chaſe away thoſe winter clouds; (*dowicke.*
For ſhe giues beautie both to heauen and earth.
The ſinne is more to hacke and hew poore men,
Then to embrace in an vnlawfull bed
The regiſter of all rarieties,
Since Lethe ne Adam, till this yongeſt houre.

Enter Counteſſe.

King. Goe, Lodowicke, put thy hand into thy purſe,
Play, ſpend, giue, ryot, waſte, do what thou wilt,
So thou wilt hence a while, and leaue me here.
Now my ſoules playfellow, art thou come,
To ſpeake the more then heauenly word, of yea,
To my obiection in thy beautious loue?
Comit. My father on his bleſſing hath commanded.

Kin. That thou ſhalt yeeld to me.
Count. I, deare my liege, your due.
Kin. And that, my deareſt loue, can be no leſſe,
Then right for right, and render loue for loue.
Coun. Then wrong for wrong, and endles hate for hate:
But ſith I ſee your maieſtie ſo bent,
That my vnwillingneſſe, my husbands loue,
Your high eſtate, nor no reſpect reſpected,
Can be my helpe, but that your mightineſſe
Will ouerbeare and awe theſe deare regards,
I binde my diſcontent to my content,
And what I would not, Ile compell I will,
Prouided that your ſelfe remooue thoſe lets,
That ſtand betweene your highneſſe loue and mine.
Kin. Name then, faire Counteſſe, and by heauen I will.
Count. It is their liues, that ſtand betweene our loue.
That I would haue chok't vp, my ſoueraigne.
Kin. Whoſe liues, my Lady?
Count. My thrice louing liege,
Your Queene, and Salisbury my wedded husband,
Who liuing haue that title in our loue,
That we cannot beſtow but by their death.
Kin. Thy oppoſition is beyond our Law.
Count. So is your deſire. If the law
Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other:
I cannot thinke you loue me as you ſay,
Vnleſſe you doe make good what you haue ſworne.
Kin. No more: thy husband and the Queene ſhall die,
Fairer thou art by far, then Hero was.
Beardles Leander not ſo ſtrong as I:
He ſwome an eaſie currant for his loue,
But I will through a helly ſpoute of blood,
To arriue at Ceſtus where my Hero lyes.
Coun. Nay you'le do more, you'le make the Riuer too,
With their heart bloods, that keepe our loue aſunder,
Of which my husband, and your wife are twayne.
Kin. Thy beautie makes them guiltie of their death,

And giues in euidence that they ſhall dye,
Vpon which verdict, I their iudge condemne them.
Count. O periurde beautie, more corrupted Iudge:
When to the great Starre chamber o're our heads,
The vniuerſall Seſſions cals to count,
This packing euill, we both ſhall tremble for it.
Kin. What ſayes my fayre loue? is ſhe reſolute?
Count. Reſolute to be diſſolu'de, and therefore this,
Keepe but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
Stand where thou doeſt, Ile part a little from thee,
And ſee how I will yeeld me to thy hands:
Here by my ſide doth hang my wedding kniues,
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy Queene,
And learne by me to finde her where ſhe lyes.
And with the other, Ile diſpatch my loue,
Which now lyes faſt aſleepe within my heart:
When they are gone, then Ile conſent to loue.
Stir not, laſciuious king, to hinder me,
My reſolution is more nimbler far,
Then thy preuention can be in my reſcue,
And if thou ſtir, I ſtrike: therefore ſtand ſtill,
And heare the choyſe that I will put thee to:
Either ſweare to leaue thy moſt vnholy ſute,
And neuer henceforth to ſolicite me,
Or elſe by heauen, this ſharpe poynted knife
Shall ſtaine thy earth, with that which thou wouldſt ſtaine
My poore chaſte blood. Sweare, Edward, ſweare,
Or I will ſtrike and dye, before thee here.
Kin. Euen by that power I ſweare, that giues me now
The power to be aſhamed of my ſelfe,
I neuer meane to part my lips againe,
In any words that tends to ſuch a ſute.
Ariſe, true Engliſh Lady, whom our Ile
May better boaſt of, then euer Romane might
Of her, whoſe ranſackt treaſurie hath taske
The vaine indeuour of ſo many pens.
Ariſe, and be my fault thy honours fame,
Which after ages ſhall inrich thee with.

I am awaked from this idle dreame;
Warwicke, my ſonne, Darby, Artoys, and Awdley,
Braue warriours all, where are you all this while?

Enter all.

Warwicke, I make thee Warden of the North,
Thou Prince of Wales, and Awdley ſtraight to Sea,
Scoure to New-hauen, ſome there ſtay for me:
My ſelfe, Artoys and Darby will through Flanders,
To greete our friends there, and to craue their ayde:
This night will ſcarce ſuffice me to diſcouer
My follies ſiege, againſt a faithfull louer:
For ere the Sunne ſhall guide the Eaſterne skie,
Weele wake him with our martiall harmonie. *Exeunt.*

Enter king Iohn of Fraunce, his two ſonnes,
Charles of Normandy, and Philip,
and the Duke of Lorraine.

King Iohn. Here, till our Nauie of a thouſand ſaile,
Haue made a breakefaſt to our foe by ſea,
Let vs incampe to waite their happie ſpeede:
Lorraine, what readines is Edward in?
How haſt thou heard that he prouided is
Of martiall furniture for this exployt?
Lorraine. To lay aſide vnneceſſary ſoothing,
And not to ſpend the time in circumſtance,
T'is bruted for a certainetie, my Lord,
That hees exceeding ſtrongly fortified,
His ſubiects flocke as willingly to warre,
As if vnto a tryumph they were led.
Charles. England was wont to harbour malecontents,
Bloodthirſty, and ſeditious Catelynes,
Spendthrifts, and ſuch as gape for nothing elſe,
But changing and alteration of the ſtate:
And is it poſsible, that they are now ſo loyal in themſelues?
Lorraine. All but the Scot, who ſolemnely proteſts,
As heretofore I haue informed his grace,
Neuer to ſheathe his ſword, or take a truce.
K. Iohn. Ah, thats the Anchredge of ſome better hope.
But on the other ſide, to thinke what friends,

King

King Edward hath retaind in Netherland,
Among those euer-bibbing Epicures,
Those trothy Dutch men, puft with double beere,
That drinke, and swill in euery place they come,
Doth not a little aggrauate mine ire:
Besides we heare the Emperour conioynes,
And stalles him in his owne authoritie:
But all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glorie reapes the victorie.
Some friends haue we beside drum sticke power,
The sterne Polonian, and the warlike Dane,
The king of Bohemia, and of Cycelie,
Are all become confederates with vs,
And, as I thinke, are marching hither apace.
But soft, I heare the musicke of their drummes,
By which I gesse that their approch is neere.

Enter the King of Bohemia with Danes, and a Polonian Captaine with other souldiers another way.

K. of Boheme. King Iohn of France, as league
And neighbourhood requires, when friends are any
Way distrest, I come to ayd thee with my countries force.
Polo. Cap. And from great Musco, feateful to the Turke,
And lofty Poland, nurse of hardy men,
I bring these seruitours to fight for thee,
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.
K. Iohn. Welcome, Bohemian king, and welcome all:
This your great kindenesse I will not forget,
Besides your plentifull rewards in crownes,
That from our treasurie ye shall receiue.
There comes a hare-braind Nation deckt in pride,
The spoyle of whom will be a treble gaine:
And now my hope is full, my ioy complete.
At Sea, we are as puissant as the force
Of Agamemnon, in the Hauen of Troy:
By land, with Xerxes we compare of strength,
Whose souldiers dranke vp riuers in their thirst:

Then Bayardlike, blinde ouerweaning Ned,
To reach at our imperiall Dyadem,
Is either to be ſwallowed of the waues,
Or hackt apeeces when thou comeſt a ſhore.

Enter Marriner.

Marri. Neere to the coaſt I haue diſcride, my Lord,
As I was buſie in my watchfull charge,
The proud Armado of king Edwards ſhips,
Which at the firſt far off when I did ken,
Seem'd as it were a grone of withered pines:
But drawing neere their glorious bright aſpect,
Their ſtreaming Enſignes wrought of coloured ſilke,
Like to a meddow full of ſundry flowers,
Adornes the naked boſome of the earth.
Maieſticall the order of their courſe,
Figuring the horned circle of the Moone,
And on the top gallant of the Admirall,
And likewiſe all the handmaydes of his traine,
The Armes of England and of France vnite,
Are quartred equally by Heralds atte;
Thus titely carried with a merrie gale,
They plough the Ocean hitherward amayne.

K. Iohn. Dare he already crop the Flower de Luce?
I hope the hony being gathered thence,
He with the ſpider afterward approcht
Shall ſucke forth deadly venom from the leaues.
But wheres our Naute? how are they prepared,
To wing themſelues againſt this fleete of rauens?

Ma. They hauing knowledge brought thē by the ſcouts,
Did breake from Anchor ſtraight, and puft with rage,
No otherwiſe then were their ſailes with winde,
Made forth, as when the emptie Eagle flies,
To ſatisfie his hungry griping maw.

K. Iohn. There's for thy newes, returne vnto thy Barke:
And if thou ſcape the bloodie ſtroke of warre,
And do ſurmiue the conflict, come againe,
And let vs heare the maner of the fight. *Exit Mar-*
Meane ſpace my Lords, tis beſt we be diſperſt, *(riner*

To

To ſeuerall places, leaſt they chance to land:
Firſt, you my Lord, with your Bohemian troupes,
Shall pitch your battelles on the lower hand:
My eldeſt ſonne the Duke of Normandy,
Together with this ayd of Muſcouites,
Shall clime the higher ground another way:
Here in the middle coaſt betwixt you both,
Philip my yongeſt boy and I will lodge.
So, Lords, be gone, and looke vnto your charge. *Exeunt.*
You ſtand for France, an Empire faire and large.
Now tell me, Philip, what is thy conceite,
Touching the challenge that the Engliſh make.
Philip. I ſay, my Lord, claime Edward what he can,
And bring he ne're ſo plaine a pedegree,
T'is you are in poſſeſsion of the Crowne,
And thats the ſureſt point of all the Law:
But were it not, e're he ſhould preuaile,
Ile make a conduit of my deareſt blood,
Or chaſe thoſe ſtragling vpſtarts home againe.
K. Iohn. Well ſaid, yong Philip, call for bread
And wine, that we may cheere our ſtomacks with repaſt,
To looke our foes more ſternely in the face.
Nowe is begun the heauie day at ſea. *The battell heard a far off.*
Fight, Frenchmen, fight, be like the fielde of Beares,
When they defend their yonglings in their caues:
Stir, angry Nemeſis, the happie helme,
That with the ſulphure battels of your rage,
The Engliſh Fleete may be diſperſt and ſunke.
Philip. O, Father, how this eckoing Cannon ſhot, *Shot.*
Like ſweete harmonie, diſgeſts my cates.
K. Iohn. Now, boy, thou heareſt what thundring
Terror t'is, to buckle for a kingdomes ſoueraignte:
The earth, with giddie trembling when it ſhakes,
Or when the exalations of the ayre
Breakes in extremitie of lightning flaſh,
Affrights not more, then kings, when they diſpoſe,
To ſhewe the rancour of their high ſwolne hearts.
Retreate is ſounded; one ſide hath the worſe. *Retreate.*

O, if the French, ſweete fortune turne,
And in thy turning change the froward winds,
That with aduantage of a fauoring skie,
Our men may vanquiſh, and th'other flie.

Enter Mariner.

My heart miſgiues: ſay, mirrour of pale death,
To whome belongs the honour of this day?
Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will ſerue,
The ſad diſcourſe of this diſcomfiture.

Mar. I will, my Lord.
My gracious ſoueraigne, France hath tane the foyle,
And boaſting Edward triumphs with ſucceſſe;
Theſe Iron harted Nauies,
When laſt I was reporter to your grace,
Both full of angry ſpleene of hope and feare,
Haſting to meete each other in the face,
At laſt conioynd, and by their Admirall,
Our Admirall incountered many ſhot.
By this the other that beheld theſe twaine,
Giue earneſt peny of a further wracke,
Like firie Dragons tooke their haughtie flight,
And likewiſe meeting, from their ſmokie wombes
Sent many grym Embaſſadours of death.
Then gan the day to turne to gloomy night,
And darkenes did aſwell incloſe the quicke,
As thoſe that were but newly reft of life:
No leaſure ſeru'd for friends to bid farewell;
And if it had, the hideous noiſe was ſuch,
As each to other ſeemed deafe and dumbe;
Purple the Sea, whoſe channel fild as faſt,
With ſtreaming gore, that from the maymed fell,
As did her guſhing moiſture breake into
The cranny cleftures of the through ſhot planks:
Here flew a head diſſeuered from the trunke,
There mangled armes, and legs were toſt aloft,
As when a whirlewinde takes the Summer duſt,
And ſcatters it in middle of the ayre.
Then might ye ſee the reeling veſſels ſplit,

And tottering ſinke into the ruthleſſe flood,
Vntill their loftie tops were ſeene no more.
All ſhifts were tried both for defence and hurt.
And now the effect of valour and of force,
Of reſolution and of cowardize,
We liuely pictured; how the one for fame,
The other by compulſion laid about;
Much did the *Nomperilla*, that braue ſhip,
So did the blacke ſnake of Bullen, then which
A bonnier veſſell neuer yet ſpred ſayle:
But all in vaine, both ſunne, the winde and tyde,
Reuolted all vnto our foe mens ſide,
That we perforce were faine to giue them way,
And they are landed: thus my tale is done,
We haue vntimely loſt, and they haue wonne.
K. Iob. Then reſts there nothing but with preſent ſpeed,
To ioyne our ſeuerall forces all in one,
And bid them battell e're they range too farre.
Come, gentle Philip, let vs hence depart,
This ſouldiers words haue pearſt thy fathers heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Frenchmen; a woman and two little children meet them, and other Citizens.

One. Wel met, my maſters: how now? whats the newes?
And wherefore are you laden thus with ſtuffe?
What, is it quarter day, that you remooue,
And carie bag and baggage too?
Two. Quarter day; I, and quartering day, I feare:
Haue ye not heard the newes that flies abroad?
One. What newes?
Three. How the French Nauy is deſtroyd at ſea,
And that the Engliſh armie is arriued.
One. What then?
Two. What then, quoth you? why, iſt not time to flie,
When enuie and deſtruction is ſo nigh?
One. Content thee, man, they are far enough from hence,
And will be met, I warrant you, to their coſt,
Before they breake ſo far into the Realme.

Two. I, ſo the Graſhopper doth ſpend the time
In mirthfull lollitie, till winter come;
And then too late he would redeeme his time,
When frozen cold hath nipt his careleſſe head.
He that no ſooner will prouide a cloake,
Then when he ſees it doth begin to rayne,
May peraduenture for his negligence,
Be throughly waſhed when he ſuſpects it not.
We that haue charge, and ſuch a traine as this,
Muſt looke in time, to looke for them and vs,
Leaſt when we would, we cannot be relieued.
One. Belike, you then deſpaire of ill ſucceſſe,
And thinke your country will be ſubiugate.
Three. We cannot tell, t'is good to feare the worſt.
One. Yet rather fight, then like vnnaturall ſonnes
Forſake your louing parents in diſtreſſe.
Two. Tuſh, they that haue already taken Armes,
Are many fearefull millions in reſpect
Of that ſmall handfull of our enemies:
But t'is a rightfull quarrell muſt preuaile.
Edward is ſonne vnto our late kings ſiſter,
Where Iohn Valoys is three degrees remooued.
Woman. Beſides, there goes a Propheſie abroad,
Publiſhed by one that was a Fryar once,
Whoſe Oracles haue many times prooued true,
And now he ſayes, the time will ſhortly come,
When as a Lyon rowſed in the Weſt,
Shall carie hence the Flower de Luce of France.
Theſe, I can tell yee, and ſuch like ſurmiſes,
Strike many Frenchmen colde vnto the heart.

Enter a Frenchman.

Fly, countrie men and citizens of France,
Sweete flowring peace, the roote of happie life,
Is quite abandoned and expulſt the land;
In ſtead of whome, ranſackt conſtraining war
Sits like to Rauens vpon your houſes tops,
Slaughter and miſchiefe walke within your ſtreetes,
And vnreſtrained make hauocke as they paſſe.

The forme whereof euen now my ſelfe beheld,
Vpon this faire mountaine, whence I came;
For ſo far off as I directed mine eyes,
I might perceiue fiue Cities all on fire,
Corne fieldes and vineyards burning like an Ouen;
And as the leaking vapour in the winde,
I turned but aſide, I likewiſe might diſcerne
The poore inhabitants eſcapt the flame,
Fall numberleſſe vpon the ſouldiers pikes:
Three wayes theſe dreadfull miniſters of wrath,
Doe tread the meaſures of their tragicke march:
Vpon the right hand comes the conquering King,
Vpon the left his hote vnbridled ſonne,
And in the midſt our nations glittering hoaſt:
All which, though diſtant, yet conſpire in one,
To leaue a deſolation where they come.
Fly, therefore Citizens, if you be wiſe,
Seeke out ſome habitation further off.
Here if you ſtay, your wiues will be abuſed,
Your treaſure ſharde before your weeping eyes:
Shelter you your ſelues, for now the ſtorme doth riſe;
Away, away, me thinkes I heare their drums;
Ah, wretched France, I greatly feare thy fall,
Thy glory ſhaketh like a tottering wall. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward and the Earle of Darby
with ſouldiers, and Gobin de Gray.

King. Where's the Frenchman, by whoſe cunning guide,
We found the ſhallow of this riuer Sone,
And had direction how to paſſe the ſea?

Gobin. Here, my good Lord.

King. How art thou cal'd? tell me thy name.

Gobin. Gobin de Gray, if pleaſe your excellence.

King. Then, Gobin, for the ſeruice thou haſt done,
We here enlarge, and giue thee libertie;
And for recompence beſide this good,
Thou ſhalt receiue fiue hundred markes in gold.
I know not howe we ſhould haue met our ſonne,

Whome now in heart I wiſh I might behold.

Enter Artoys.

Art. Good newes, my Lord, the Prince is hard at hand,
And with him comes Lord Awdley and the reſt,
Whom ſince our landing we could neuer meete.

Enter Prince Edward, Lord Awdley and ſouldiers.

K. Ed. Welcome, faire Prince,
How haſt thou ſped, my ſonne,
Since thy arriuall on the coaſt of France?

P. Ed. Succesfully, I thanke the gracious heauens:
Some of their ſtrongeſt Cities we haue wonne,
As Harſlen, Lie, Crotag, and Carentigne,
And others waſted, leauing at our heeles
A wide apparant field and beaten path,
For ſolitarineſſe to progreſſe in:
Yet thoſe that would ſubmit, we kindely pardoned;
For who in ſcorne refuſed our proffered peace,
Indurde the penaltie of ſharpe reuenge.

K. Ed. Ah, France, why ſhouldeſt thou be thus obſtinate
Againſt the kinde imbracement of thy friends?
How gentle had we thought to touch thy breſt,
And ſet our foote vpon thy tender mould,
But that in froward and diſdaineful pride,
Thou like a skittiſh and vntamed colt,
Doeſt ſtart aſide, and ſtrike vs with thy heeles?
But tel me, Ned, in all thy warlike courſe,
Haſt thou not ſeene the vſurping king of France?

P. Ed. Yes, my good Lord, and not two houres agoe,
With full an hundred thouſand fighting men,
Vpon the one ſide with the Riuers banke,
And on the other both his multitudes,
I feard he would haue cropt our ſmaller power:
But happily perceauing your approch,
He hath withdrawen himſelfe to Creſſy plaines,
Where as it ſeemeth by his good aray,
He meanes to bid vs battell preſently.

K. Ed. He ſhal be welcome, that's the thing we craue.

Enter

Enter King Iohn, Dukes of Normandie and Lorraine, King of Bohemia, young Philip and ſouldiers.

K. Iohn. Edward, know, that Iohn the true K. of France,
Muſing thou ſhould'ſt incroach vpon his land,
And in thy tyrannous proceeding ſlay
His faithfull ſubiects, and ſubuert his townes,
Spits in thy face, and in this maner following,
Vpbraides thee with thine arrogant intruſion.
Firſt, I condemne thee for a fugitiue,
A theeuiſh pirate and a needie-mate,
One that hath either no abiding place,
Or elſe inhabiting ſome barraine ſoyle,
Where neither hearbe or fruitfull graine is had,
Doeſt altogether liue by pilfering:
Next, inſomuch thou haſt infringed thy faith,
Broke league and ſolemne couenant made with me,
I hold thee for a moſt pernitious wretch:
And laſt of all, although I ſcorne to cope
With one ſuch interiour to my ſelfe;
Yet in reſpect thy thirſt is all for golde,
Thy labour rather to be feared then loued,
To ſatisfie thy luſt in either part,
Here am I come, and with me I haue brought
Exceeding ſtore of treaſure, perle and coyne.
Leaue therefore now to perſecute the weake,
And armed entring conflict with the arm'd,
Let it be ſeene mongſt other pettie theſts,
How thou canſt win this pillage manfully.

K. E. If gall or wormwood haue a pleaſant taſte,
Then is thy ſalutation hony ſweete:
But as the one hath no ſuch propertie,
So is the other moſt ſatyricall.
Yet wot how I regard thy worthleſſe taunts;
If thou haue vttred them to foyle my fame,
Or dimme the reputation of my birth,
Know that thy wooluiſh barking cannot hurt:
If ſlily to inſinuate with the worlde,

And with a ſtrumpets artificiall line,
To paint thy vitious and deformed cauſe,
Be well aſſured the counterfeite will fade,
And in the end thy foule defects be ſeene.
But if thou didſt it to prouoke me on,
As who ſhould ſay, I were but timerous,
Or coldly negligent did need a ſpurre,
Bethinke thy ſelfe how ſlacke I was at ſea.
Now, ſince my landing I haue wonne no townes,
Entred no further but vpon thy coaſt,
And there haue euer ſince ſecurely ſlept:
But if I haue bene otherwayes imployd,
Imagine, Valoys, whether I intend
To skirmiſh, not for pillage, but for the Crowne
Which thou doeſt weare, and that I vow to haue,
Or one of vs ſhall fall into his graue.
Prince Ed. Looke not for croſſe inuectiues at our hands,
Or rayling execrations of deſpight:
Let creeping ſerpents hid in hollow banckes,
Sting with their tongues; we haue remorſeleſſe ſwords,
And they ſhall plead for vs and our affaires;
Yet thus much briefly by my fathers leaue:
As all the immodeſt poyſon of thy throat,
Is ſcandalous and moſt notorious lyes,
And our pretended quarrell is truely iuſt,
So end the battell when we meete to day,
May either of vs proſper and preuaile,
Or luckles curſt, receiue eternall ſhame.
King Ed. That needes no further queſtion, and I know
His conſcience witneſſeth, it is my right.
Therefore, Valoys, ſay, wilt thou yet reſigne,
Before the ſickle's thruſt into the corne,
Or that inkindled fury turned to flame?
K. Iohn. Edward, I know what right thou haſt in France:
And e're I baſely will reſigne my Crowne,
This Champion fielde ſhall be a poole of blood,
And all our proſpect as a ſlaughterhouſe.
Prince Ed. I, that approues thee, tyrant, what thou art;

No Father, King, or Shepheard of thy Realme,
But one that teares her intrailes with thy hands,
And like a thirſtie Tygre ſuckſt her blood.
And. You Peeres of France, why do you follow him,
That is ſo prodigall to ſpend your liues?
Charles. Whom ſhould they follow, aged impotent,
But he that is their true borne ſoueraigne?
K.Ed. Vpbraidſt thou him, becauſe within his face,
Time hath ingraued deepe caracters of age?
Know that theſe graue ſchollers of experience,
Like ſtiffegrowen Okes, will ſtand immouable,
When whirlewinde quickly turnes vp yonger trees.
Dar. Was euer any of thy fathers houſe King,
But thy ſelfe, before this preſent time?
Edwards great lynage by the mothers ſide,
Fiue hundred yeeres hath kept the ſcepter vp:
Iudge then, conſpiratours, by this diſcent,
Which is the true borne ſoueraigne, this, or that.
Philip. Father, range your battels, prate no more,
Theſe Engliſh faine would ſpend the time in words,
That night approching, they might eſcape vnfought.
K.Iohn. Lords and my louing ſubiects knowes the time,
That your intended force muſt bide the touch;
Therefore, my friends, conſider this in briefe,
He that you fight for, is your naturall King:
He againſt whom ye fight, a foreiner:
He that you fight for, rules in clemencie,
And reines you with a milde and gentle bitte:
He againſt whom you fight, if he preuaile,
Will ſtreight inthrone himſelfe in tyrannie,
Make ſlaues of you, and with a heauie hand
Curtall and courb your ſweeteſt libertie.
Then to protect your Countrey and your King,
Let but the haughtie courage of your hearts
(Anſwere the number of your able handes,
And we ſhall quickely chaſe theſe fugitiues:
For whats this Edward, but a belly god,
A tender and laſciuious wantonneſſe,

That tho'ther day was almoſt dead for loue?
And what, I pray you, is his goodly gard?
Such, as but ſcant them of their chines of beefe,
And take away their downie fetherbeds,
And preſently they are as reſtie ſtiffe,
As t'were a many ouer ridden iades?
Then, Frenchmen, ſcorne that ſuch ſhould be your Lords,
And rather binde ye them in captiue bands.
All Fra. Viue le Roy, God ſaue King Iohn of France.
K. Iohn. Now, on this plaine of Creſſie ſpread your ſelues,
And, Edward, when thou dareſt, begin the fight.
K. Ed. We preſently will meet thee, Iohn of France,
And, Engliſh Lordes, let vs reſolue the day,
Either to cleere vs of that ſcandalous cryme,
Or be intombed in our innocencie.
And, Ned, becauſe this battell is the firſt,
That euer yet thou foughtſt in pitched fild,
As ancient cuſtome is of Martialiſts,
To dub thee with the tipe of chiualrie,
In ſolemne maner we will giue thee Armes:
Come therefore Heralds, orderly bring forth
A ſtrong attirement for the Prince my ſonne.

Enter foure Heraldes bringing a coate Armour,
a Helmet, a Lance, and a Shield.

K. Ed. Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,
As with this Armour I impall thy breaſt,
So be thy noble vnrelenting heart,
Wald in with flint of matchleſſe fortitude,
That neuer baſe affections enter there:
Fight and be valiant, conquere where thou comſt.
Now follow, Lords, and do him honour too.
Darb. Edward Plantagenet Prince of Wales,
As I doe ſet this Helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of this braine is fenſt,
So may thy temples with Bellonas hand,
Be ſtill adornd with laurell victorie;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comſt.

Audley. Edward Plantagenet Prince of Wales,
Receiue this lance into thy manlike hand,
Vse it in fashion of a brasen pen,
To draw forth bloody stratagems in France,
And print thy valiant deeds in honours booke;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comst.
Artoys. Edward Plantagenet Prince of Wales,
Holde, take this Target, weare it on thy arme,
And may the view thereof like Perseus shield,
Astonish and transforme thy gazing foes
To senseless images of meger death;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comst.
K. Edward. Nowe wants there nought
But knighthood, which deferred,
We leaue till thou hast won it in the field.
P. Ed. My gracious Father, and ye forward Peeres,
This honour you haue done me, animates
And cheeres my greene, yet scarse appearing strength,
With comfortable good presaging signes,
No otherwise then did old Iacobs words,
When as he breathed his blessings on his sonnes:
These hallowed giftes of yours when I prophane,
Or vse them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherlesse and poore,
Or for the benefite of Englands peace,
Be numbe my ioynts, waxe feeble both mine armes,
Wither my heart, that like a sappelesse tree,
I may remayne the mappe of infamie.
K. Ed. Then, thus our steeld battailes shall be ranged;
The leading of the vaward, Ned, is thine,
To dignifie whose lustie spirite the more,
We temper it with Audleys gravitie,
That courage and experience ioynd in one,
Your manage may be second vnto none;
For the mayne battels I will guide my selfe.
And Darby, in the rereward march behinde:
That orderly disposd, and set in ray,
Let vs to horse, and God grant vs the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum.

Allarum. Enter a many French men flying:
After them Prince Edward running.
Then enter King Iohn, and Duke of Lorraine.

K. Iohn. O Lorraine, say, what meane our men to flye?
Our number is far greater then our foes.
Lorraine. The garrison of Genoaes, my Lord,
That came from Paris wearie with their march,
Grudging to be suddenly imployd,
No sooner in the forefront tooke their place,
But straight retyring so dismaide the rest,
As likewise they betooke themselues to flight:
In which for haste, to make a safe escape,
More in the clustring through are prest to death,
Then by the enemie a thousand folde.
K. Iohn. O hapless fortune: let vs yet assay,
If we can counsell some of them to stay. *Exeunt.*

Enter king Edward and Audley.

K. Ed. Lord Audley, whiles our sonne is in the chase,
Withdraw your powers vnto this litle hill,
And heere a season let vs breathe our selues.
Audley. I will, my Lord. *Exit.* *Retreate.*
K. Ed. Iust dooming heauen, whose secret prouidence
To our grosse iudgement is inscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous workes,
That hast this day giuen way vnto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at themselues?

Enter Artoys.

Art. Rescue, King Edward, rescue, for thy sonne.
K. Ed. Rescue, Artoys? what, is he prisoner?
Or by violence fell beside his horse?
Art. Neither, my Lord, but narrowly beset,
With turning French men, whome he did pursue.
As it is impossible that he should scape,
Except your highnesse presently discend.
K. Ed. Tut, let him fight; we gaue him Armes to day,
And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.

Enter Darby.

Dar. The Prince, my Lord, the Prince, oh succour him,

Hee's

Hee's close incompast with a world of oddes.
K.Ed. Then will he win a world of honour too,
If he by valour can redeeme him thence:
If not, what remedie? we haue more sonnes
Then one, to comfort our declying age.

Enter Audley.

Audley. Renowned Edward, giue me leaue, I pray,
To lead my souldiers, where I may relieue
Your Graces sonne, in danger to be slaine.
The snares of French, like Emmets on a banke,
Muster about him, whilest he Lion like,
Intangled in the net of their assaults,
Frantikely wrends and bytes the wouen toyle:
But all in vaine, he cannot free himselfe.
K.Ed. Audley, content, I will not haue a man
On paine of death sent foorth to succour him:
This is the day ordaynd by destinie,
To season his courage with those grieuous thoughts,
That if he breaketh out, Nestors yeeres on earth
Will make him sauour still of this exployt.
Dar. Ah, but he shall not liue to see those dayes.
K.Ed. Why, then his Epitaph, is lasting praise.
Aud. Yet, good my Lord, t'is too much wilfulnes,
To let his blood be spilt, that may be saued.
K.Ed. Exclaime no more, for none of you can tell,
Whether a borowed ayd will serue or no;
Perhaps he is already slaine or tane:
And dare a Falcon, when shee's in her flight,
And euer after sheele be haggard like:
Let Edward be deliuered by our hands,
And still in danger hee'le expect the like:
But if himselfe, himselfe redeeme from thence,
He will haue vanquisht cheerefull death and feare,
And euer after dread their force no more,
Then if they were but babes or captiue slaues.
Aud. O cruell father: farewell, Edward, then.
Dar. Farewell, sweete Prince, the hope of chiualry.
Art. O, would my life might ransome him from death.

K.Ed. But soft, me thinkes I heare
The dismall charge of trumpets loud retreat:
All are not slayne, I hope, that went with him,
Some will returne with tidings good or bad.

Enter Prince Edward in tryumph, bearing in his hand his shiuered Lance, and the king of Bohemia, borne before, wrapt in the Colours: They runne and imbrace him.

And. O ioyfull sight, victorious Edward liues.
Darb. Welcome, braue Prince.
K.Ed. Welcome, Plantagenet.
P.Ed. First hauing done my duetie as beseemed,
Lords, I regreet you all with heartie thankes:
And now, behold, after my winters toyle,
My painefull voyage on the boystrous sea,
Of wars deuouring gulphes and steely rockes,
I bring my fraught vnto the wished port,
My summers hope, my trauels sweete reward:
And here with humble duetie I present
This sacrifice, this first fruite of my sword,
Cropt and cut downe euen at the gate of death,
The king of Bohemia, father whom I slew,
Whom you said had intrencht me round about,
And lay as thicke vpon my battered creast,
As on an Anuell with their ponderous glaues,
Yet marble courage still did vnderprop;
And when my wearie armes with often blowes,
Like the continuall labouring Wood-mans Axe,
That is inioynd to fell a load of Oakes,
Began to faulter, streight I would recouer:
My gifts you gaue me and my zealous vowe,
And then new courage made me fresh againe,
That in despite I caru'd my passage forth,
And put the multitude to speedie flight:
Lo, thus hath Edwards hand fild your request,
And done, I hope, the duetie of a Knight.
K.Ed. I, well thou hast deseru'd a Knight-hood, Ned:

Kneele and kisse his fathers hand.

And

And therefore with thy ſword, yet wreaking warme
With blood of thoſe that fought to be thy bane,
Ariſe Prince Edward truſty Knight at Armes:
This day thou haſt confounded me with ioy,
And prou'd thy ſelfe, fit heire vnto a king.
P.Ed. Heere is a note, my gracious Lord, of thoſe,
That in this conflict of our foes were ſlaine,
Eleuen Princes of eſteeme, foureſcore Barons,
A hundred and twentie Knights, and thirtie thouſand
Priuate ſouldiers, and of our men a thouſand.
K.Ed. Our God be prayſed. Now Iohn of France,
I hope thou knoweſt King Edward for no wantonneſſe,
No loue ſicke cockney, nor his ſouldiers iades.
But which way is the fearefull King eſcapt?
P.Ed. Towards Poyctiers, noble Father, and his ſonnes.
K.Ed. Ned, thou and Audley ſhall purſue them ſtill;
My ſelfe and Darby will to Calice ſtreight,
And there begirt that hauen towne with ſiege:
Now lies it on an vpſhot, therefore ſtrike,
And wiſtly follow whiles the game's on foote.
What picture is this?
P.Ed. A Pelicane, my Lord,
Wounding her boſome with her crooked beake,
That ſo her neſt of young ones may be fed
With drops of blood that iſſue from her heart,
The motto, *Sic et vos*, and ſo ſhould you.

His ſword borne by a ſouldier.

Enter the Lord Mountford with a Coronet in his hand, with him the Earle of Salisburie.

Mountford. My Lord of Salisbury, ſince by your ayde,
Mine enemie, Sir Charles of Bloys is ſlaine,
And I againe, am quietly poſſeſt
In Brytanes Dukedome, know that I reſolue,
For this kinde furtherance of your king and you,
To ſweare alleageance to his maieſtie:
In ſigne whereof receiue this Coronet,
Beare it vnto him, and withall my othe,
Neuer to be but Edwards faithfull friend.

Salisburie.

Salis. I take it, Mountford. Thus I hope e're long,
The whole Dominions of the Realme of France
Will be surrendred to his conquering hand.
Now if I knew but safely how to passe,
I would to Calice gladly meete his grace,
Whither I am by letters certified,
Yet he intends to haue his hoste remoou'de:
It shall be so, this policie will serue.
Ho, who's within? bring Villiers to me.

Enter Villiers.

Villiers, thou knowest thou art my prisoner,
And that I might, for ransome, if I would,
Require of thee an hundred thousand Frankes,
Or else retaine and keepe thee captiue still:
But so it is, that for a smaller charge
Thou mayest be quit, and if thou wilt thy selfe;
And this it is, procure me but a pasport
Of Charles the Duke of Normandy, that I
Without restraint may haue recourse to Calice,
Through all the Countries where he hath to doe:
Which thou mayest easily obtaine, I thinke,
By reason I haue often heard thee say,
He and thou wert students once together:
And then thou shalt be set at libertie.
How sayest thou, wilt thou vndertake to doe it?

Villiers. I will, my Lord, but I must speake with him.

Sal. Why so thou shalt; take horse, and poste frō hence:
Onely before thou goest, sweare by thy faith,
That if thou canst not compasse my desire,
Thou wilt returne my prisoner backe againe,
And that shall be sufficient warrant for me.

Villiers. To that condition I agree, my Lord,
And will vnfainedly performe the same. *Exit.*

Salis. Farewell, Villiers.
Thus once I meane to try a Frenchmans faith. *Exit.*

Enter King Edward and Darby, with souldiers.

K. Ed. Since they refuse our proffred league, my Lord,
And will not ope the gates and let vs in,

We

We will intrench our ſelues on euery ſide,
That neither vitailes, nor ſupply of men,
May come to ſuccour this accurſed towne;
Famine ſhall combate where our ſwordes are ſtopt.

Enter ſixe poore Frenchmen.

Dar. The promiſed ayde, that made them ſtand aloofe,
Is now retyrde, and gone another way:
It will repent them of their ſtubburne will.
But what are theſe poore ragged ſlaues, my Lord?

K. Ed. Aske what they are; it ſeemes
They come from Calice.

Darb. You wretched partners of deſpaire and woe,
What, are ye liuing men, or glyding ghoſts,
Crept from your graues to walke vpon the earth?

Poore. No ghoſts, my Lord, but men that breathe a life,
Farre worſe then is the quiet ſleepe of death:
We are diſtreſſed poore inhabitants,
That long haue bene diſeaſed, ſicke and lame;
And now, becauſe we are not fit to ſerue,
The Captaine of the towne hath thruſt vs forth,
That ſo expence of vitailes may be ſaued.

K. Ed. A charitable deede, no doubt, and worthy praiſe:
But how do you imagine then to ſpeede?
We are your enemies, in ſuch a caſe
We can no leſſe but put you to the ſword,
Since when we proffered truce, it was refuſde.

Poore. And if your grace no otherwiſe vouchſafe,
As welcome death is vnto vs as life.

K. Ed. Poore ſilly men, much wrongd, and more diſtreſt;
Go, Darby, go, and ſee they be relieu'd,
Command that vitailes be appointed them,
And giue to euery one fiue Crownes apiece:
The Lyon ſcornes to touch the yeelding pray:
And Edwards ſword muſt freſh it ſelfe in ſuch,
As wilfull ſtubburneſſe hath made peruerſe.

Enter Lord Percie.

K. E. Lord Percie, welcome: whats the newes in England?

Per. The Queene, my Lord, comes here to your Grace,
And from her highneſſe, and the Lord Vicegerent,
I bring this happy tidings of ſucceſſe:
Dauid of Scotland lately vp in Armes,
Thinking (belike) he ſooneſt ſhould preuaile,
Your highneſſe being abſent from the Realme,
Is by the faithfull ſeruice of your Peeres,
And painefull trauell of the Queene her ſelfe,
That big with child was euery day in armes,
Vanquiſht, ſubdude, and taken priſoner.
K. Ed. Thanks, Percie, for thy newes, with all my heart,
What was he tooke him priſoner in the field?
Percie. A ſquire, my Lord; Iohn Copland is his name:
Who ſince intreated by her Maieſtie,
Denies to make ſurrender of his prize,
To any but vnto your grace alone:
Whereat the Queene is grieuouſly diſpleaſ'd.
K. Ed. Well, then weele haue a Purſuant diſpatcht,
To ſummon Copland hither out of hand,
And with him he ſhall bring his priſoner king.
Per. The Queene's, my Lord, her ſelfe by this at Sea,
And purpoſeth as ſoone as winde will ſerue,
To land at Calice, and to viſit you.
K. Ed. She ſhal be welcome, and to waite her comming,
Ile pitch my tent neere to the ſandy ſhore.

Enter a Captaine.

Captaine. The Burgeſſes of Calice mightie king,
Haue by a counſell willingly decreed,
To yeeld the Towne and Caſtle to your hands,
Vpon condition it will pleaſe your grace,
To grant them benefite of life and goods.
K. Ed. They will ſo: Then belike they may command,
Diſpoſe, elect, and gouerne as they liſt:
No ſirra, tell them, ſince they did refuſe
Our princely clemencie at firſt proclaymed,
They ſhall not haue it now although they would;
I will accept of nought but fire and ſword,
Except within this two dayes ſixe of them,

That

That are the wealthieſt marchants in the Towne,
Come naked all but for their linnen ſhirts,
With each a halter hangd about his necke,
And proſtrate yeelde themſelues vpon their knees,
To be afflicted, hanged, or what I pleaſe;
And ſo you may informe their maſterſhips. *Exeunt.*
Captaine. Why, this it is to truſt a broken ſtaffe.
Had we not bene perſwaded, Iohn our King
Would with his armie haue relieu'd the Towne,
We had not ſtood vpon defyance ſo:
But now ti's paſt that no man can recall,
And better ſome do go to wracke, then all. *Exit.*
Enter Charles of Normandy and Villiers.
Char. I wonder, Villiers, thou ſhouldeſt importune me
For one that is our deadly enemie.
Villi. Not for his ſake, my gracious Lord, ſo much,
Am I become an earneſt aduocate,
As that thereby my ranſome will be quit.
Char. Thy ranſome, man, why, needſt thou talke of that?
Art thou not free? and are not all occaſions,
That happen for aduantage of our foes,
To be accepted of, and ſtood vpon?
Villi. No, good my Lord, except the ſame be iuſt;
For profite muſt with honour be comixt,
Or elſe our actions are but ſcandalous:
But letting paſſe theſe intricate obiections,
Wilt pleaſe your highneſſe to ſubſcribe or no?
Char. Villiers, I will not, nor I cannot doe it;
Salisburie ſhall not haue his will ſo much,
To clayme a paſport how it pleaſeth himſelfe.
Vill. Why, then I know the extremitie, my Lord,
I muſt returne to priſon whence I came.
Char. Returne, I hope thou wilt not.
What bird that hath eſcapt the fowlers gin,
Will not beware how ſhees inſnard againe?
Or, what is he ſo ſenſeleſſe and ſecure,
That hauing hardely paſt a dangerous gulfe,
Will put himſelfe in perill there againe?

Villiers. Ah, but it is my othe, my gracious Lord,
Which I in conſcience may not violate,
Or els a kingdome ſhould not drawe me hence.
Charles. Thine othe, why that doth binde thee to abide:
Haſt thou not ſworne obedience to thy prince?
Villiers. In all things that vprightly he commands:
But either to perſwade or threaten me,
Not to performe the couenant of my word,
Is lawleſſe, and I neede not to obey.
Charles. Why, is it lawfull for a man to kill,
And not to breake a promiſe with his foe?
Villi. To kill, my Lord, when warre is once proclaymd,
So that our quarrell be for wrongs receiu'd,
No doubt is lawfully permitted vs:
But in an othe we muſt be well aduiſde
How we doe ſweare, and when we once haue ſworne,
Not to infringe it though we die therefore:
Therefore, my Lord, as willing I returne,
As if I were to flie to Paradice.
Charles. Stay, my Villiers, thy honourable minde
Deſerues to be eternally admirde,
Thy ſute ſhall be no longer thus deferd,
Giue me the paper, Ile ſubſcribe to it:
And where tofore I loued thee as Villiers,
Hereafter Ile imbrace thee as my ſelfe;
Stay, and be ſtill in fauour with thy Lord.
Vill. I humbly thanke your grace, I muſt diſpatch,
And ſend this paſport firſt vnto the Earle,
And then I will attend your highneſſe pleaſure.
Charl. Do ſo, Villiers, and Charles, when he hath need,
Be ſuch his ſouldiers, howſoeuer he ſpeede. *Exit Villi.*

Enter King Iohn.

K. Iohn. Come, Charles, and arme thee, Edward is intrapt,
The Prince of Wales is falne into our hands,
And we haue compaſt him, he cannot ſcape.
Charles. But will your highneſſe fight to day?
K. Iohn. What elſe, my ſonne?
Hee's ſcarce eight thouſand ſtrong,

And

And we are threescore thousand at the least.
Charles. I haue a propheſie, my gracious Lord,
Wherein is written, what ſucceſſe is like
To happen vs in this outragious warre;
It was deliuered me at Creſſyes field,
By one that is an aged Hermit there.
When feathered foule ſhall make thine Armie tremble,
And flint ſtones riſe and breake the battell ray,
Then thinke on him that doth not now diſſemble;
For that ſhall be the hapleſſe dreadfull day:
Yet in the ende thy foote thou ſhalt aduance,
As farre in England, as thy foe in France.
K. John. By this it ſeemes we ſhall be fortunate:
For as it is impoſsible that ſtones
Should euer riſe and breake the battaile ray,
Or ayrie foule make men in armes to quake,
So is it like we ſhall not be ſubdued:
Or ſay this might be true, yet in the end,
Since he doth promiſe we ſhall driue him hence,
And forrage their Countrie, as they haue done ours,
By this reuenge, that loſſe will ſeeme the leſſe;
But all are fryuolous fancies, toyes and dreames:
Once we are ſure we haue inſnard the ſonne,
Catch we the father after how we can. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Edward, Audley and others.

P. Ed. Audley, the armes of death embrace vs round,
And comfort haue we none, ſaue that to die,
We pay ſowre earneſt for a ſweeter life;
At Creſſey field our clouds of warlike ſmoke,
Chokt vp thoſe French mouthes, and diſſeuered them:
But now their multitudes of millions hide,
Masking as t'were the beautious burning Sunne,
Leauing no hope to vs but ſullen darke,
And eyeleſſe terrour of all ending night.
And. This ſudden mightie and expedient head,
That they haue made, faire Prince, is wonderfull.
Before vs in the valley lies the king.

Vantag'd with all that heauen and earth can yeeld,
His partie ſtronger battaild then our whole:
His ſonne the brauing Duke of Normandy,
Hath trimd the Mountaine on our right hand vp,
In ſhining plate, that now the aſpiring hill,
She wes like a ſiluer quarrie, or an orbe
Aloft the which the banners bannarets,
And new repleniſht pendants cuffe the ayre,
And beate the windes, that for their gaudineſſe
Struggles to kiſſe them: on our left hand lyes
Philip the yonger iſſue of the king,
Coting the other hill in ſuch array,
That all his guilded vpright pikes do ſeeme,
Streight trees of gold, the pendant leaues,
And their deuice of antique Heraldry,
Quartred in colours ſeeming ſundry fruites,
Makes it the Orchard of the Heſperides:
Behinde vs two the hill doth beare his height;
For like a halfe Moone opening but one way,
It rounds vs in: there at our backes are lodgd
The fatall Crosbowes; and the battaile there,
Is gouernd by the rough Chattillion.
Thē thus it ſtands, the valley for our flight the K. binds in,
The hils on either hād are proudly royalizd by his ſonnes,
And on the hill behinde ſtands certaine death,
In pay and ſeruice with Chattillion.
P. Ed. Deaths name is much more mightie then his deeds;
Thy parcelling this power hath made it more:
As many ſands as theſe my hands can hold,
Are but my handfull of ſo many ſands:
Then all the world, and call it but a power,
Eaſely tane vp, and quickely throwne away:
But if I ſtand to count them ſand by ſand,
The number would confound my memorie,
And make a thouſand millions of a taske,
Which briefely is no more indeed then one.
Theſe quarters, ſquadrons, and theſe Regiments,
Before, behinde vs, and on either hand,
Are but a power: when we name a man,

His hand, his foote, his head hath ſeuerall ſtrengthes,
And being all but one ſelfe inſtant ſtrength.
Why, all this many, Audley, is but one.
And we can call it all but one mans ſtrength.
He that hath farre to goe, tels it by miles;
If he ſhould tell the ſteps, it kils his heart:
The drops are infinite that make a flood;
And yet, thou knoweſt, we call it but a Raine:
There is but one France, one King of France,
That France hath no more kings, and that ſame King
Hath but the puiſſant legion of one king:
And we haue one: then apprehend no odds,
For one to one, is faire equalitie.

Enter an Herald from King Iohn.

What tydings, meſſenger? be plaine and briefe.
Her. The king of France my ſoueraigne Lord & maſter,
Greets by me his foe the Prince of Wales:
If thou call forth an hundreth men of name,
Of Lords, Knights, Squires, and Engliſh gentlemen,
And with thy ſelfe and thoſe kneele at his feete,
He ſtreight will fold his bloody colours vp,
And ranſome ſhall redeeme liues forfeited:
If not, this day ſhall drinke more Engliſh blood,
Then e're was buried in our Brittiſh earth.
What is the anſwere to his profered mercie?
P.E. This heauen that couers France containes the mercy
That drawes from me ſubmiſſiue orizons:
That ſuch baſe breath ſhould vaniſh from my lips,
To vrge the plea of mercie to a man,
The Lord forbid: returne and tell thy king,
My tongue is made of ſteele, and it ſhall beg
My mercie on his coward burgonet.
Tell him my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our Engliſh armes as ſtrong,
Returne him my defyance in his face.
Herald. I goe. *Exit.* Enter another.
P.E. What newes with thee?
Her. The Duke of Normandie my Lord and maſter,
Pitying thy youth is ſo ingirt with perill,

By me hath ſent a nimble ioynted Iennet,
As ſwift as euer yet thou didſt beſtride,
And therewithall he counſels thee to flie,
Elſe death himſelfe hath ſworne that thou ſhalt die.
P.Ed. Backe with the beaſt vnto the beaſt that ſent him,
Tell him I cannot ſit a cowards horſe.
Bid him to day beſtride the iade himſelfe;
For I will ſtaine my horſe quite o're with blood,
And double guild my ſpurs, but I will catch him,
So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone.

Enter another.

Herald. Edward of Wales, Philip the ſecond ſonne
To the moſt mightie Chriſtian king of France,
Seeing thy bodyes liuing date expirde,
All full of charitie and Chriſtian loue,
Commends this booke full fraught with prayers,
To thy faire hand, and for thy houre of life,
Intreats thee that thou meditate therein,
And arme thy ſoule for her long iourney towards.
Thus haue I done his bidding, and returne.
P.Ed. Herald of Philip, greet thy Lord from me,
All good that he can ſend, I can receiue:
But think'ſt thou not, the vnaduiſed boy
Hath wrong'd himſelfe in thus farre tendring me?
Haply he cannot pray without the booke;
I thinke him no diuine extemporall:
Then render backe this common place of prayer,
To do himſelfe good in aduerſitie;
Beſides, he knowes not my ſinnes qualitie,
And therefore knowes no prayers for my auaile;
Ere night his prayer may be to pray to God,
To put it in my heart to heare his prayer;
So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.
Herald. I goe. *Exit.*
P.E. How confident their ſtrength & number makes thē.
Now, Audley, ſound thoſe ſiluer wings of thine,
And let thoſe milke white Meſſengers of time,
Shew thy times learning in this dangerous time;

Thy

Thy ſelfe art buſie, and bit with many broyles,
And ſtratagems forepaſt, with iron pennes
Are texed in thine honourable face,
Thou art a maried man in this diſtreſſe.
But danger wooes me as a bluſhing maide:
Teach me an anſwere to this perillous time.
And. To die, is all as common as to liue,
The one in choiſe, the other holdes in chaſe;
For from the inſtant we begin to liue,
We do purſue and hunt the time to die:
Firſt bud we, then we blow, and after ſeed,
Then preſently we fall, and as a ſhade
Followes the body, ſo we follow death.
If then we hunt for death, why doe we feare it?
If we feare it, why doe we follow it?
If we doe feare, how can we ſhun it?
If we doe feare, with feare we doe but ayde
The thing we feare to ſeize on vs the ſooner:
If we feare not, then no reſolued proffer
Can ouerthrow the limmit of our fate:
For whether ripe or rotten drop we ſhall,
As we do draw the lotterie of our doome.
P. Ed. Ah, good old man, a thouſand thouſand armours
Theſe wordes of thine haue buckled on my backe:
Ah, what an idiot haſt thou made of life,
To ſeeke the thing it feares? and how diſgrac't
The imperiall victorie of murdering death?
Since all the liues his conquering arrowes ſtrike,
Seeke him, and he not them, to ſhame his glorie,
I will not giue a penie for a lyfe,
Nor halfe a halfepenie to ſhun grim death,
Since for to liue, is but to ſeeke to dye,
And dying but beginning of new life:
Let come the houre when he that rules it will,
To liue or die, I holde indifferent. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Iohn and Charles.

K. Iohn. A ſudden darkeneſſe hath defaſt the skie,
The windes are crept into their caues for feare,

The leaues moone not, the world is huſht and ſtill,
The birdes ceaſe ſinging, and the wandring brookes
Murmure no woonted greeting to their ſhores;
Silence attends ſome wonder, and expecteth
That heauen ſhould pronounce ſome propheſie,
Where or from whom proceeds this ſilence, Charles?
Charles. Our men with open mouthes, and ſtaring eyes
Looke on each other, as they did attend
Each others words, and yet no creature ſpeakes;
A tonguetide feare hath made a midnight houre,
And ſpeeches ſleepe through all the waking regions.
K. Iohn. But now the pompeous Sunne in all his pride
Lookt through his golden coach vpon the world,
And on a ſudden hath he hid himſelfe,
That nowe the vnder earth is as a graue,
Darke, deadly, ſilent, and vncomfortable.
Hearke, what deadly outcry doe I heare? *A clamor of Rauens.*
Charles. Here comes my brother Philip.
K. Iohn. All diſmaide. What fearefull words
Are thoſe thy lookes preſage?
Philip. A flight, a flight.
K. Iohn. Coward, what flight? thou lieſt, there needs no flight.
Philip. A flight.
K. Iohn. Awake thy crauen powers, and tell on
The ſubſtance of that very feare in deed,
Which is ſo gaſtly printed in thy face.
What is the matter?
Philip. A flight of vgly Rauens
Doe croke and houer o're our ſouldiers heads,
And keepe in triangles and cornerd ſquares,
Right as our forces are imbattelled;
With their approach there came this ſudden fog,
Which now hath hid the airie flower of heauen,
And made at noone a night vnnaturall,
Vpon the quaking and diſmaied world:
In briefe, our ſouldiers haue let fall their armes,
And ſtand like metamorphos'd images,
Bloodleſſe and pale, one gazing on another.

K.John. I, now I call to minde the propheſie,
But I muſt giue no entrance to a feare.
Returne, and harten vp thoſe yeelding ſoules,
Tell them the Rauens ſeeing them in armes,
So many faire againſt a famiſht few,
Come but to dine vpon their handie worke,
And prey vpon the carrion that they kill:
For when we ſee a horſe laid downe to die,
Although not dead, the rauenous birdes
Sit watching the departure of his life:
Euen ſo theſe Rauens, for the carcaſes
Of theſe poore Engliſh that are markt to die,
Heuer about; and if they cry to vs,
Tis but for meate that we muſt kill for them.
Away, and comfort vp my ſouldiers,
And ſound the trumpets, and at once diſpatch
This little buſines of a ſilly fraude. *Exit Philip.*

Another noiſe; Salisburie brought
in by a French Captaine.

Captaine. Behold, my liege, this knight and fortie mo,
Of whom the better part are ſlaine and fled,
With all indeuour ſought to breake our rankes,
And make their way to the incompaſt Prince,
Diſpoſe of him as pleaſe your maieſtie.
K.Ioh. Go, and the next bough, ſouldier, that thou ſeeſt,
Diſgrace it with his bodie preſently:
For I doe hold a tree in France too good,
To be the gallowes of an Engliſh theefe.
Salis. My Lord of Normandy, I haue your paſſe,
And warrant for my ſafetie through this land.
Charles. Villiers procur'd it for thee, did he not?
Salis. He did.
Charles. And it is currant, thou ſhalt freely paſſe.
K.Iohn. I, freely to the gallowes to be hanged,
Without deniall or impediment.
Away with him.
Charles. I hope your highneſſe will not ſo diſgrace me,
And daſh the vertue of my ſeale at armes,

He hath my neuer broken name to ſhew,
Caractred with this princely hand of mine;
And rather let me leaue to be a prince,
Then breake the ſtable verdict of a prince;
I doe beſeech you let him paſſe in quiet.
K. Iohn. Thou and thy word lie both in my command,
What canſt thou promiſe that I cannot breake?
Which of theſe twaine is greater infamie,
To diſobey thy father or thy ſelfe?
Thy word nor no mans may exceed his power:
Nor that ſame man doth neuer breake his word,
That keepes it to the vtmoſt of his power.
The breach of faith dwels in the ſoules conſent,
Which if thy ſelfe without conſent doe breake,
Thou art not charged with the breach of faith;
Go hang him, for thy licence lies in me,
And my conſtraint ſtands the excuſe for thee.
Charles. What, am I not a ſouldier in my word?
Then armes adue, and let them fight that liſt;
Shall I not giue my girdle from my waſte,
But with a gardion I ſhall be controld,
To ſay I may not giue my things away?
Vpon my ſoule, had Edward Prince of Wales
Ingadge his word, writ downe his noble hand,
For all your Knights to paſſe his fathers land,
The royall king, to grace his warlike ſonne,
Would not alone ſafe conduct giue to them,
But with all bountie feaſted them and theirs.
K. Iohn. Dwel'ſt thou on preſidents? then be it ſo.
Say Engliſhman, of what degree thou art.
Salis. An Earle in England, though a priſoner here,
And thoſe that know me, call me Salisburie.
K. Iohn. Then Salisburie, ſay, whither thou art bound.
Salis. To Calice, where my liege, King Edward is.
K. Iohn. To Calice, Salisburie? then to Calice packe,
And bid the king prepare a noble graue,
To put his princely ſonne blacke Edward in:
And as thou trauel'ſt Weſtward from this place,

Some

Some two leagues hence there is a loftie hill,
Whoſe top ſeemes topleſſe (for the imbracing skie
Doth hide his high head in her azure boſome,)
Vpon whoſe tall top when thy foote attaines,
Looke backe vpon the humble vale beneath,
Humble of late, but now made proud with armes,
And thence behold the wretched prince of Wales,
Hoopt with a band of iron round about.
After which ſight to Calice ſpurre amaine,
And ſay the prince was ſmoothered, and not ſlaine,
And tell the king, this is not all his ill,
For I will greete him e're he thinkes I will.
Away, be gone, the ſmoke but of our ſhot
Wil choake our foes though bullets hit them not.
Allarum. Enter Prince Edward and Artoys.
Art. How fares your Grace? are you not ſhot, my Lord?
P.E. No, deare Artoys, but choakt with duſt & ſmoke,
And ſtept aſide, for breath and freſher ayre.
Art. Breathe then, and to it againe: the amazed French
Are quite diſtract with gazing on the crowes;
And were our quiuers full of ſhafts againe,
Your Grace ſhould ſee a glorious day of this;
O, for more arrowes; Lord, thats our want.
P.E. Courage, Artoys, a fig for feathered ſhafts,
When feathered foules do bandie on our ſide:
What need we fight, and ſweate and keepe a coyle,
When railing crowes outſcold our aduerſaries?
Vp, vp, Artoys, the ground it ſelfe is armd,
Fire containing ſlint, command our bowes
To hurle away their pretie coloured Ewe,
And to it with ſtones: away, Artoys, away,
My ſoule doth propheſie we win the day. *Exeunt.*
Allarum. Enter King Iohn.
K. Iohn. Our multitudes are in themſelues confounded,
Diſmayd, and diſtraught, ſwift ſtarting feare
Hath buzd a cold diſmaie through all our armie,
And euery petrie diſaduantage prompts
The feare poſſeſſed abiect ſoule to flye,

My ſelfe whoſe ſpirit is ſteele to their dull lead,
What with recalling of the propheſie,
And that our native ſtones from Engliſh armes
Rebell againſt vs, finde my ſelfe attainted
With ſtrong ſurpriſe of weake and yeelding feare.

Enter Charles.

Charles. Fly father, flye, the French do kill the French,
Some that would ſtand, let drive at ſome that flye,
Our drummes ſtrike nothing but diſcouragement,
Our trumpets ſound dishonour, and retire,
The ſpirit of feare, that feareth nought but death,
Cowardly workes confuſion on it ſelfe.

Enter Philip.

Phil. Plucke out your eies, and ſee not this daies ſhame,
An arme hath beate an armie: one poore Dauid
Hath with a ſtone foyld twentie ſtout Goliahs,
Some twentie naked ſtaruelings with ſmall flints,
Haue driuen backe a puiſant hoſte of men,
Arayd and ferſt in all accomplements.
K. John. Mordieu, they quail at vs, and kill vs vp;
No leſſe then fortie thouſand wicked Elders
Haue fortie leane ſlaues this day ſtoned to death.
Char. O, that I were ſome other countryman;
This day hath ſet deriſion on the French,
And all the world wil blurt and ſcorne at vs.
K. John. What, is there no hope leſt?
Phil. No hope, but death to burie vp our ſhame.
K. Io. Make vp once more with me, the twentieth part
Of thoſe that liue, are men enowe to quaile
The feeble handfull on the aduerſe part.
Char. Then charge againe; if heauen be not oppoſd
We cannot loſe the day.
K. John. On, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Audley wounded, and reſcued by two Eſquires.

Eſquires. How fares my Lord?
And. Euen as a mammay doe,
That dines at ſuch a bloody feaſt as this.
Eſquir. I hope my Lord, that is no mortall ſcarre.

Audley. No matter if it be, the count is caſt;
And in the worſt end's but a mottall man.
Good friends, conuey me to the princely Edward,
That in the crimſon brauerie of my blood,
I may become him with ſaluting him;
Ile ſmile, and tell him that this open ſcarre
Doeth end the harueſt of his Audleys warre. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Edward, king Iohn, Charles, and all with Enſignes ſpred. *Retreate ſounded.*

P.Ed. Now Iohn in France, and lately Iohn of France,
Thy bloodie Enſignes are my captiue colours;
And you, high vanting Charles of Normandie,
That once to day ſent me a horſe to flie,
Are now the ſubiects of my clemencie.
Fie, Lords, is't not a ſhame that Engliſh boyes,
Whoſe earely dayes are yet not worth a beard,
Should in the boſome of your kingdome thus,
One againſt twentie beate you vp together?

K.Iohn. Thy fortune, not thy force hath conquerd vs.

P.Ed. An argument that heauen aydes the right.
See, ſee, Artoys doth bring with him along,
The late good counſell giuer to my ſoule.
Welcome, Artoys, and welcome, Philip too:
Who now of you or I, haue neede to pray?
Now is the prouerbe verified in you,
Too bright a morning breeds a louring day.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Audley.

But ſay, what grym diſcouragement comes heere?
Alas, what thouſand armed men of France
Haue writ that note of death in Audleys face?
Speake thou that wooeſt death with thy careleſſe ſmile,
And lookſt ſo merrily vpon thy graue,
As if thou wert enamored on thy ende,
What hungry ſword hath ſo bereau'd thy face,
And lopt a true friend from my louing ſoule?

Aud. O Prince, thy ſweet bemoning ſpeech to me,
Is as a mornefull knell to one dead ſicke.

P.E. Deare Audley, if my tongue ring out thy end,
My armes shall be thy graue; what may I doe,
To win thy life, or to reuenge thy death?
If thou wilt drinke the blood of captiue kings,
Or that it were restoritiue, command
A Heath of kings blood, and Ile drinke to thee.
If honour may dispence for thee with death,
The neuer dying honour of this day
Share wholy, Audley, to thy selfe, and liue.
Aud. Victorious prince, that thou art so, behold
A Cesars fame in kings captiuitie;
If I could hold dym death but at a bay,
Till I did see my liege thy loyall father,
My soule should yeeld this Castle of my flesh,
This mangled tribute with all willingnesse,
To darkenes consummation, dust and wormes.
P.E. Cheerely, bold man, thy soule is all too proud
To yeeld, her citie for one little breach,
Should be diuorced from her earthly spouse,
By the soft temper of a French mans sword:
Lo, to repaire thy life, I giue to thee,
Three thousand marks a yeere in Englishland.
Aud. I take thy gift to pay the debts I owe:
These two poore Esquires redeemd me from the French
With lusty and deere hazzard of their liues;
What thou hast giuen me I giue to them;
And as thou loues't me, Prince, lay thy consent
To this bequeath in my last testament.
P.E. Renowned Audley, liue and haue from me
This gift twise doubled to these Esquires and thee:
But liue or die, what thou hast giuen away,
To these and theirs shall lasting freedome stay.
Come gentlemen, Ile see my friend bestowed
Within an easie litter; then weele march
Proudly toward Calice, with triumphant pase,
Vnto my royall Father, and there bring
The tribute of my warres, faire France his king.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter K. Edward, Qu. Philip, Darby and ſouldiers.

K.Ed. No more, Queene Philip, pacifie your ſelfe,
Copland, except he can excuſe his fault,
Shall finde diſpleaſure written in our lookes.
And now vnto this proud reſiſting towne,
Souldiers aſſault, I will no longer ſtay,
To be deluded by their falſe delayes,
Put all to ſword, and make the ſpoyle your owne.

Enter ſixe Citizens in their ſhirts, barefoote, with halters about their necks.

All. Mercie, King Edward, mercie, gracious Lord.
K.Ed. Contemptuous villaines, call ye now for truce?
Mine eares are ſtopt againſt your booteleſſe cryes,
Sound drummes allarum, draw threatning ſwordes.
All. Ah, noble Prince, take pitie on this towne,
And heare vs, mightie King:
We clayme the promiſe that your highneſſe made,
The two dayes reſpit is not yet expirde,
And we are come with willingnes to beare,
What tortering death or puniſhment you pleaſe,
So that the trembling multitude be ſaued.
K.Ed. My promiſe? well, I do confeſſe as much:
But I require the chiefeſt Citizens,
And men of moſt account that ſhould ſubmit.
You peraduenture, are but ſeruile groomes,
Or ſome fellonious robbers on the ſea,
Whome apprehended lawe would execute,
Albeit ſeuentie lay dead in vs:
No, no, ye cannot ouerreach vs thus.
Two. The Sunne, dread Lord, that in the Weſtern fall
Beholdes vs now, low brought through miſerie,
Did in the Orient purple of the morne
Salute our comming forth, when we were knowne,
Or may our portion be with damned fiends.
K.Ed. If it be ſo, then let our couenant ſtand,
We take poſſeſſion of the towne in peace:
But for your ſelues looke you for no remorſe,
But as imperiall iuſtice hath decreed,

Your bodies ſhall be dragd about theſe walles,
And after feele the ſtroke of quartering ſteele:
This is your doome; goe ſouldiers ſee it done.
Queene. Ah, be more milde vnto theſe yeelding men,
It is a glorious thing to ſtabliſh peace,
And kings approch the neereſt vnto God,
By giuing life and ſafetie vnto men:
As thou intendeſt to be king of France,
So let thy people liue to call thee king:
For what the ſword cuts downe, or fire hath ſpoyld,
Is held in reputation none of ours.
K.Ed. Although experience teach vs this is true,
That peacefull quietneſſe brings moſt delight,
When moſt of all abuſes are controld,
Yet inſomuch it ſhall be known that we,
As well can maſter our affections,
As conquer other by the dynt of ſword,
Philip, preuaile, we yeeld to thy requeſt,
Theſe men ſhall liue to boaſt of clemencie;
And tyrannie, ſtrike terror to thy ſelfe.
Two. Long liue your highneſſe, happy be your reigne.
K.Ed. Go, get you hence, returne vnto the towne;
And if this kindeneſſe hath deſeru'd your loue,
Learne then to reuerence Edward as your king. *Exit.*
Nowe might we heare of our affaires abroad,
We would till gloomy winter were or'e ſpent,
Diſpoſe our men in garriſon a while: but who comes here?

Enter Copland and King Dauid.

Darby. Copland, my Lord, and Dauid king of Sots.
K.E. Is this the proud preſumptuous Eſq. of the North,
That would not yeeld his priſoner to my Queene?
Cop. I am, my liege, a Northren Eſquire indeed,
But neither proud nor inſolent, I truſt.
What mooued thee then to be ſo obſtinate,
To contradict our royall Queenes deſire?
Cop. No wilfull diſobedience, mightie Lord,
But my deſert and publike law of armes.
I tooke the king my ſelfe in ſingle fight,

And like a ſouldier would be loath to loſe
The leaſt preeminence that I had won.
And Copland ſtraight vpon your highneſſe charge,
Is come to France, and with a lowly minde
Doeth vaile the bonnet of his victorie:
Receiue, dread Lord, the cuſtome of my fraught,
The welthy tribute of my labouring hands,
Which ſhould long ſince haue bene ſurrendred vp,
Had but your gratious ſelfe bene there in place.
Queene. But, Copland, thou didſt ſcorne the kings com-
Neglecting our commiſſion in his name. (mand.
Cop. His name I reuerence, but his perſon more,
His name ſhall keepe me in allegeance ſtill,
But to his perſon I will bend my knee.
K.Ed. I pray thee, Philip, let diſpleaſure paſſe:
This man doth pleaſe me, and I like his words;
For what is he that will attempt great deedes,
And loſe the glory that inſues the ſame?
All riuers haue recourſe vnto the Sea,
And Coplands faith relation to his king:
Kneele therefore downe, now riſe, K. Edwards knight;
And to mainetayne thy ſtate I freely giue,
Fiue hundred markes a yeere to thee and thine.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, Lord Salisburie, what newes from Britaine?
Salis. This, mightie king: the Country we haue won,
And Charles de Mountford regent of that place,
Preſents your highneſſe with this Coronet,
Proteſting true allegeance to your Grace.
K.Ed. We thanke thee for thy ſeruice, valiant Earle,
Challenge our fauour, for we owe it thee.
Salis. But now, my Lord, as this is ioyfull newes,
So muſt my voyce be tragicall againe,
And I muſt ſing of dolefull accidents.
K.E. What, haue our men the ouerthrow at Poytiers?
Or is our ſonne beſet with too much oddes?
Salis. He was, my Lord, and as my worthleſſe ſelfe,
With fortie other ſeruiceable knights,

Vnder ſafe conduct of the Dolphins ſeale,
Did trauell that way finding him diſtreſt,
A troupe of Launces met vs on the way,
Surpriſd and brought vs priſoners to the king;
Who proud of this, and eagre of reuenge,
Commanded ſtraight to cut off all our heads:
And ſurely we had died, but that the Duke
More full of honour then his angry ſyre,
Procur'd our quicke deliuerance from thence,
But e're we went, ſalute your king, quoth he,
Bid him prouide a funerall for his ſonne,
To day our ſword ſhall cut his thread of life,
And ſooner then he thinkes weele be with him,
To quittance thoſe diſpleaſures he hath done:
This ſaid, we paſt, not daring to reply,
Our hearts were dead, our lookes diffus'd and wan:
Wandring at laſt we clymd vnto a hill,
From whence although our griefe were much before,
Yet now to ſee the occaſion with our eyes,
Did thrice ſo much increaſe our heauineſſe:
For there, my Lord, oh there we did deſcry
Downe in a valley how both armies lay:
The French had caſt their trenches like a ring,
And euery Barricados open front
Was thicke imboſt with braſen ordynance.
Here ſtood a battell of ten thouſand horſe,
There twiſe as many pikes in quadrant wiſe,
Here Crosbowes and deadly wounding darts,
And in the midſt like to a ſlender poynt,
Within the compaſſe of the Horizon,
As t'were a riſing bubble in the ſea,
A Haſſle wand amidſt a wood of Pynes,
Or as a beare faſt chaind vnto a ſtake,
Stood famous Edward ſtill expecting when
Thoſe dogges of France would faſten on his fleſh.
Anon the death-procuring knell begins:
Off goe the Cannons that with trembling noyſe,
Did ſhake the very Mountaine where they ſtood:

Then ſound the Trumpets clangor in the ayre,
The battailes ioyne, and when we could no more
Diſcerne the difference twixt the friend and foe,
So intricate the darke confuſion was,
Away we turnd our watrie eies with ſighs,
As blacke as powder ſuming into ſmoke.
And thus, I feare, vnhappy haue I tolde,
The moſt vntimely tale of Edwards fall.
Queene. Ah me, is this my welcome into France?
Is this the comfort that I lookt to haue,
When I ſhould meete with my beloued ſonne?
Sweete Ned, I would thy mother in the ſea
Had bene preuented of this mortal griefe.
K. Ed. Content thee, Philip, ti's not teares will ſerue,
To call him backe, if he be taken hence,
Comfort thy ſelfe, as I doe, gentle Queene,
With hope of ſharpe vnheard of dyre reuenge,
He bids me to prouide his funerall.
And ſo I will: but all the Peeres in France
Shall mourners be, and weepe out bloody teares,
Vntill their emptie veines be dry and fere.
The pillers of his hearſe ſhall be his bones,
The mould that couers him, their citie aſhes,
His knell, the groning cryes of dying men,
And in the ſtead of tapers on his tombe,
An hundred, fiftie towers ſhall burning blaze,
While we bewayle our valiant ſonnes deceaſe.
After a flouriſh ſounded within, Enter a Herald.
Herald. Reioyce, my Lord, aſcend the imperiall Throne:
The mightie and redoubted Prince of Wales,
Great ſeruitour to bloodie Mars in armes,
The French mans terror, and his countryes fame,
Triumphant rideth like a Romane Peere,
And lowly at his ſtirrop comes afoote,
King Iohn of France together with his ſonne,
In captiue bonds, whoſe diadem he brings
To crowne thee with, and to proclayme thee king.
K. Ed. Away with mourning, Philip, wipe thine eyes,

Sound Trumpets, welcome in, Plantagenet.

Enter Prince Edward, King Iohn, Philip, Audley and Artoys.

As things long loſt when they are found againe,
So doth my ſonne reioyce his fathers heart,
For whom euen now my ſoule was much perplext.
Quèene. Be this a token to expreſſe my ioy, *kiſſe him.*
For inward paſsions will not let me ſpeake.
P.E. My gracious father, here receiue the gift,
This wreath of conqueſt and reward of warre,
Got with as mickle perill of our liues,
As e're was thing of price before this day,
Inſtall your highneſſe in your proper right,
And herewithall I render to your hands,
Theſe priſoners, chiefe occaſion of our ſtrife.
K.Ed. So, Iohn of France, I ſee you keepe your word,
You promiſt to be ſooner with our ſelfe
Then we did thinke for, and ti's ſo indeed;
But had ye done at firſt as now ye doe,
How many ciuill townes had ſtood vntoucht,
That now are turnd to ragged heapes of ſtones?
How many peoples liues might you haue ſau'd,
That are vntimely ſunke into their graues?
K.Iohn. Edward, recount not things irreuocable,
Tell me what ranſome thou requireſt to haue.
K.Ed. Thy ranſome, Iohn, hereafter ſhall be knowne:
But firſt to England thou muſt croſſe the ſeas,
To ſee what intertainment it affords,
How ere it fals, it cannot be ſo bad,
As ours hath bene ſince we arriued in France.
K.Iohn. Accurſed man, of this I was foretolde,
But did miſconſter what the Prophet told.
P.Ed. Now father, this petition Edward makes
To thee, whoſe grace hath bene his ſtrongeſt ſhield,
That as thy pleaſure choſe me for the man,
To be the inſtrument to ſhew thy power,
So thou wilt grant that many Princes more,
Bred and brought vp within that little Iſle,

May ſtill be famous for like victories:
And for my part, the bloody ſcarres I beare,
The wearie nights that I haue watcht in field,
The dangerous conflicts I haue often had,
The fearefull menaces were proffered me,
The heate and cold, and what elſe might diſpleaſe,
I wiſh were now redoubled twentie fold,
So that hereafter ages, when they reade
The painefull trafficke of my tender youth,
Might thereby be inflamd with ſuch reſolue,
As not the territories of France alone,
But likewiſe Spaine, Turkie and what countreyes elſe
That iuſtly would prouoke faire Englands ire,
Might at their preſence tremble and retire.

K. Ed. Heere, Engliſh Lords, we do proclayme a reſt,
An interceaſing of our painefull armes,
Sheathe vp your ſwordes, refreſh your weary limmes,
Peruſe your ſpoyles, and after we haue breathd
A day or two within this Hauen towne,
God willing, then for England weele be ſhipt,
Where, in a happy houre I truſt, we ſhall
Arriue three Kings, two Princes, and a Queene.

FINIS.